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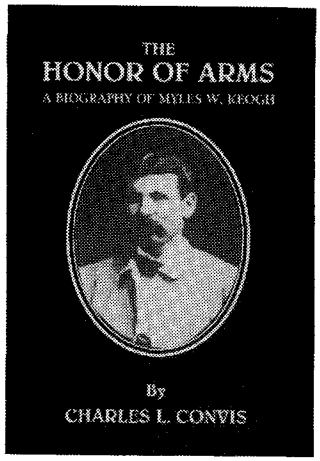

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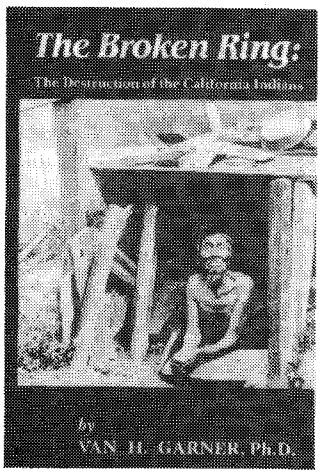

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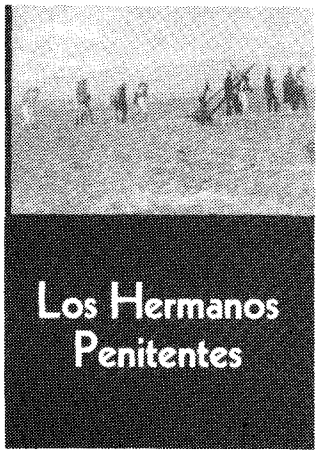

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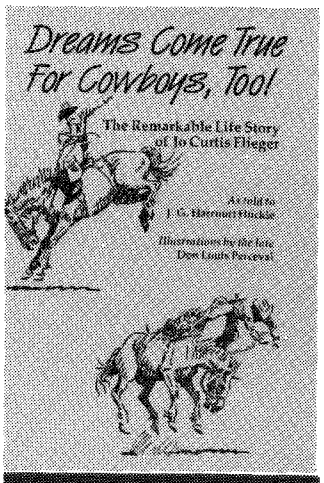

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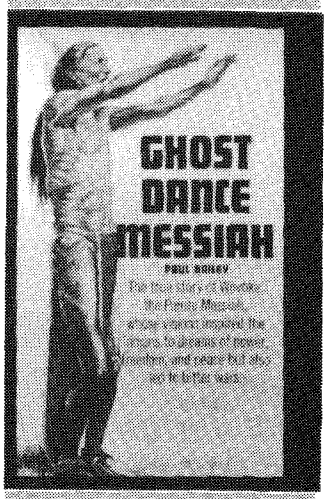

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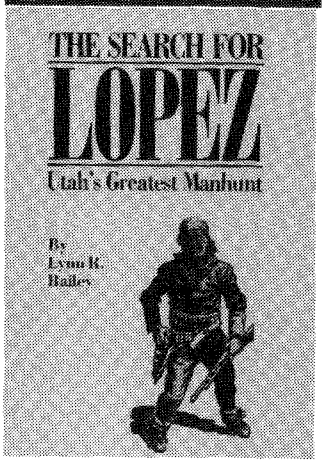

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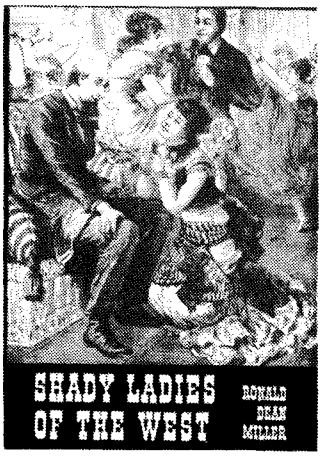

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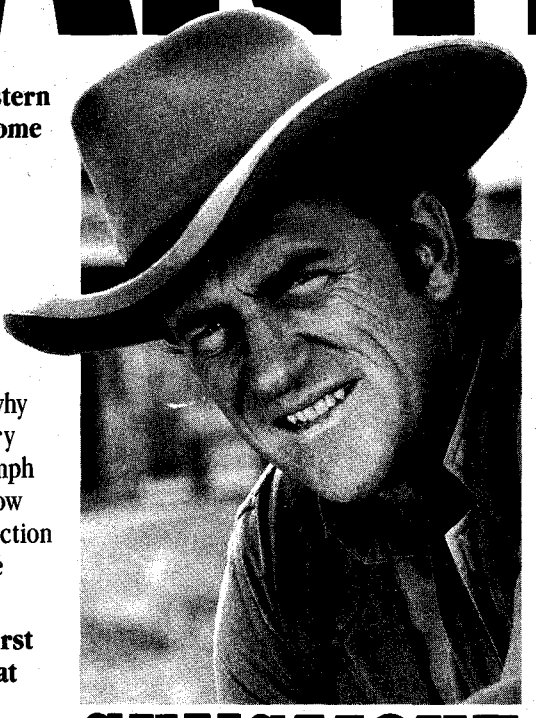

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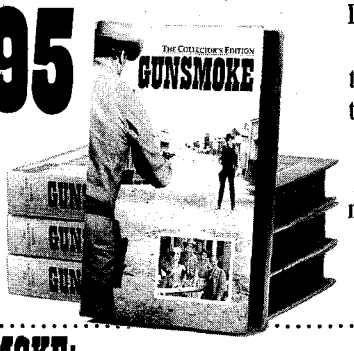

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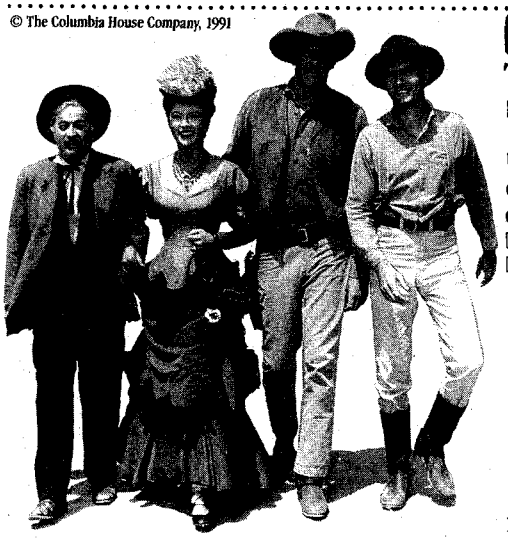

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TRUE WEST

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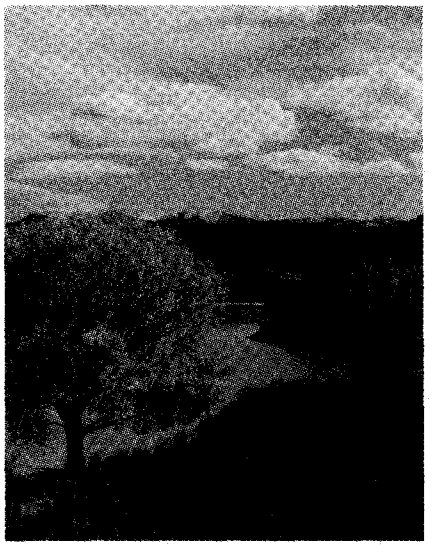

Our Cover

Topaz Lake, California, on an October day, photograph by William D. McKinney.

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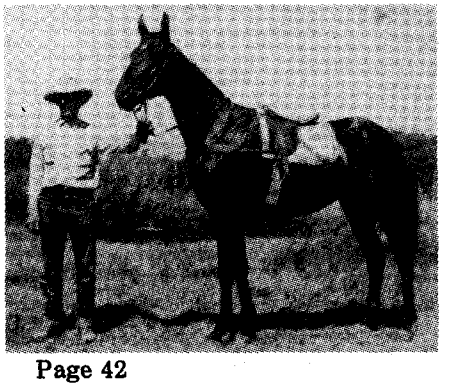

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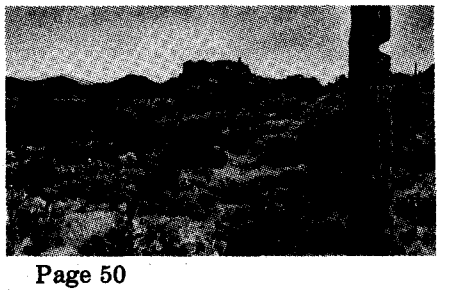

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October 1991, Volume 38, Number 10. TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, 205 W. 7th, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74074. $2.75 per copy; U.S. subscription rate is $19.95 per year (12 issues per year); $37.00 for two years (24 issues). Other countries, including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover extra handling and postage. Please provide payment in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S., Canadian, or Mexican bank; personal checks, bank money orders, or cashier's checks drawn on foreign banks are not acceptable, nor is the national currency, unless the total payment is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Stillwater, OK 74074, and at additional mailing offices.

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From the Editor

Howdy, folks!

I don't want to give you all the wrong idea about my doing nothing but wandering around the West and enjoying myself, but I've been on the road again. This time I broke out of the old corral to destroy a few days at the Western Writers of America convention in Oklahoma City.

In case you don't recollect my braggin' on the WWA in years past, it's an organization of published, professional writers of all sorts of western articles and books from academic treatises to old-fashioned pulp novels. When its members gather, you can be sure that some of the most important issues facing western history will be addressed. This year's most controversial topic was—in print I can't deepen my voice and raise its volume to convey the proper sense of alarm—the "New Historians," with capital letters.

Unless you've been hibernating the past few years, you've probably read about these New Historians, for they've been getting attention even from the major daily newspapers and weekly news magazines. They're the folks who lately have had the audacity to suggest that the settlement of the West, simply put, was one big mistake, a greedy free-for-all of plundering the environment and conquering its rightful inhabitants, the Indians.

If there are New Historians with capital letters, then there must be Old Historians with capital letters, too. But I haven't actually heard or read a definition of the Old Historians, so I have to assume they're the folks who see the winning of the West in terms of Manifest Destiny, a divinely ordained, glorious undertaking bringing civilization to savages and using technology to make the fullest use of the area's vast, untapped natural resources.

At least, those are the New and Old Historians reduced to their simplest terms. A good example of the raging battle is the recent controversy about an exhibit of western art at the Smithsonian Institution. Being's how my whole year's travel budget was busted when I paid three dollars for a day's parking in Oklahoma City, I cain't go to Washington to see the exhibit myself. So I can only tell you what I've heard and read about it. As some folks would have it, the exhibit is an extreme example of the New History, depicting all white males as the bad guys and everyone else as the good guys.

These days whenever a matter of opinion, informed or otherwise, collides with federal funding, politicians will get in the act. Inevitably a couple of lawmakers jumped into this particular fray, threatening, of course, to cut funding for the Smithsonian. The most memorable statement to arise from the affair so far came when one of those fine elected officials offered an opinion to the effect that "historians can say whatever they want, but the Smithsonian ought to tell the truth."

Such thinking entirely misses the point of history. Anyone who has ever heard or read two different accounts of the same incident knows how elusive a commodity truth is. Historians, as much as anyone else, are in the business of trying to determine the truth, and the good ones are the first to admit that they don't have a monopoly on it. But many of our popular assumptions about how the West was won, based largely on B-grade movies and shoddy fiction, deserve to be challenged.

The crux of the matter isn't New Historians versus Old, for the good and the bad of America's so-called westward movement have been argued since its very beginnings. While some have always favored opening more and more land to white occupation for agricultural and industrial development at whatever cost, others have always opposed it at any cost.

Throughout history the two sides have rarely compromised and have never been resolved. Yet neither of the extreme positions that the settling of the West was either all good or all bad can long stand up to scrutiny. Great benefits have come from the winning of the West; great harm was done in its conquest. Only by recognizing what was truly good can we hope to perpetuate it. But only by recognizing the mistakes can we hope to overcome them. By simply dismissing either point of view as "crazy" or "deeply offensive" and threatening to cut off public funding for one and not the other, we deny ourselves the opportunity to fully understand our past and, more importantly, to determine our future.

John Joerschke

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Killed in the Line of Duty

My husband was happy to show me the Texas Ranger photo that accompanied the August 1991 "Answer Man" column. Third from left is Charles Fusselman, aged twenty-three years, who was killed by a bandit in El Paso County, April 18, 1890.

Charley was stationed at Presidio but had been called to El Paso to attend court. The El Paso County canyon in which he was killed is still called Fusselman Canyon.

Captain John R. Hughes of the Texas Rangers was responsible for bringing the guilty bandit, Geronimo Parra, to justice. Parra finally was hanged in El Paso on January 6, 1900.

My husband's great-aunt, Izora Lamb, married John Halsey Fusselman, Charley's brother. Charley did not marry, but John's descendants are numerous. Charley's body was brought back for burial to Lagarto, Live Oak County, which has been a ghost town for a great many years. The cemetery is still cared for by descendants of the old families, and a historical marker was erected near Charley's grave marker.

We here in Charley's home area of south Texas have let memory fade, but he is still regarded as a hero of his time in El Paso.—**Mrs. Charles G. Reynolds, P.O. Box 369, Orange Grove, Texas 78372.**

Bill Miner's Birth and Ned Christie's Wound

I enjoy the articles in TRUE WEST, but I am having a bit of trouble with a couple of them.

In the May 1990 "Answer Man" column, author Chuck Parsons writes that Bill Miner was born Ezra Allen Miner, December 27, 1846, in Vevery Township, Onondaga, Ingham County, Michigan. However, in "Bill Miner: The Canadian Years" (TRUE WEST, January 1990), Bruce Wishart writes that William "Bill" Miner was born in Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1847. What was Miner's real name, and what are the facts of his birth?

Also in his January 1990 "Great Western Gunfights" column, Bill O'Neal writes that Heck Thomas shot Ned Christie in the right temple and the bullet lodged in his skull, blinding his right eye and disfiguring his nose. But in the March 1990 "Answer Man" column, Chuck Parsons writes that Thomas wounded Christie, shooting out his left eye. (Still another article in OLD WEST says Christie was shot in the face.) Where was Christie actually wounded?—**James E. Bryan, Route 1 Box 4, Ajo, Arizona 85321.**

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"Answer Man" Chuck Parson's response: Regarding Mr. Bryan's question on Bill Miner, I believe the most knowledgeable man on Miner's life is Mark Dugan. My information on Miner's birth and given name comes from Dugan's manuscript, which cites census records as well as Lenawee County, Michigan, Probate File No. 1472-D-235. The correct spelling of the township where Miner was born is Vevay.

It is more difficult to determine the nature of Ned Christie's wound. Of the five sources in my library, three claim Christie was wounded in the right eye, two in the left. After examining the photo of Christie in death with a magnifying glass, I was unable to determine any significant difference between his right and left eyes. Given more time, I will be able to examine the original sources and, perhaps, to arrive at a more definite conclusion.

Who Shot Curly Bill?

I have been a reader of TRUE WEST for some time now, and have always considered it as factual as any textbook or historical document. However, I believe there is an error in Bill O'Neal's July "Great Western Gunfights" column.

In the column, entitled "Deputy Sheriff Billy Breakenridge vs. Zweig Hunt and Billy Grounds," O'Neal states that Breakenridge shot Curly Bill while Breakenridge was mounted, following an argument between them. According to several other sources that I have read, while Breakenridge was involved in the incident, it was actually a man named Wallace who began arguing with Breakenridge. When Curly Bill intervened, it was Wallace who fired the shot that wounded Curly Bill.

This is not meant as a criticism of your magazine or its fine, accurate articles, but only to gain clarification. You have a wonderful publication, and I hope that it continues for many years to come.—**Clarence I. Danger, 8891 Comet Circle, Westminster, California 92683.**

Author Bill O'Neal's response: I am aware of the conflicting accounts of this gunfight, as well as of various uncertainties about Curly Bill Brocius. While I presented the events as related in

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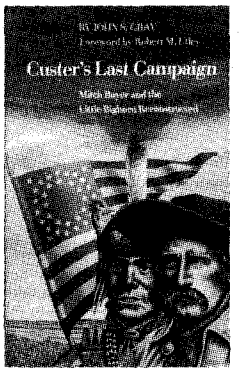

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Breakenridge's *Helldorado*, the eminent Tombstone historian Ben Traywick has advised me that the book "is full of holes and outright lies." I will defer to Ben Traywick on any detail of Tombstone's past, and I appreciate Mr. Danger's interest in the matter.

Woman Worthy of an Article

D.L. Flenniken's article, "Comanche Captives" (TRUE WEST, July 1991), mentions a lady named Mrs. Luster as having escaped the Comanches. My 1878 edition of *Woman on the American Frontier* by William M. Fowler refers to Mrs. Luster as "Mrs. L——." Fowler points out that in escaping the Comanches and another tribe, Mrs. Luster must have ridden between five hundred and six hundred miles. To confirm her remarkable ride and adventure, he refers to the testimony of Robert Bent, an Indian agent at Fort Zara, and of the chiefs of the band she had escaped. She traveled the greatest part of the ride entirely alone.

Flenniken's article also mentions that Mrs. Luster remarried and lived in Kansas. Surely the heroine of such an exploit left a history in Kansas, and since everyone referred to her as beautiful, probably photographs as well. I hope author Flenniken or a Kansas author will track for us the rest of the story.—**Elizabeth Williams, 5801 Phinney Ave. N., Seattle, Washington 98103.**

Bordellos and Saloon Girls

I wish we could find the words to tell you how much my wife and I appreciate TRUE WEST. We look forward to it every month. My wife and I are both blind and we get the recording from our local library.

I especially enjoy articles about cowboys and gunfights. We both like "Answer Man." My wife says she likes the articles about the bordellos and saloon girls.

We thank you very much for your magazines. Keep up the good work.—**Don and Ernie Sandburg, 311 E. 8th, Apt. 513, Little Rock, Arkansas 72202.**

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Fort Concho Recreates Army Post Life

By JOHN LEGG

The sinking west Texas sun glints off sabers, bayonets, and rifle barrels; wool-clad infantrymen march on the parade grounds; cavalry troopers sit astride their mounts. As soldiers carefully furl Old Glory, an old cannon roars. Once more Fort Concho is alive with the images of the old frontier.

Fort Concho, now within the San Angelo, Texas, city limits, opened in December 1867 as one of a series of forts the army built along the post-Civil War Texas frontier. The fort, located at the confluence of the Main and North Concho rivers, was home to the black soldiers of the Ninth and Tenth cavalries and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth infantries, as well as other troops. While the soldiers at Fort Concho fought a number of battles with Indians in the vicinity of the fort, they also took part in three major campaigns well outside the region.

The army abandoned the fort in 1889; however, unlike most other western forts, Concho was not destroyed. Instead, civilians used some of the buildings for storage, homes, and hotels. In 1930, Ginevra Wood Carson, founder of the West Texas Museum in San Angelo, moved the museum into the old fort headquarters building, and restoration of the fort began.

Today the City of San Angelo owns the fort, which is considered the best preserved western fort in the nation. The forty-acre site includes sixteen restored original limestone buildings, five reconstructed buildings, and a "stabilized" ruin. The latest reconstruction project was the post hospital.

The focal point of the fort is the headquarters building. It was built in 1875–76 of limestone, with pecan wood beams and rafters. The building, except for second-floor office and storage areas, is open to the public. The headquarters includes the post adjutant's office, which features a variety of maps showing the area that Fort Concho soldiers patrolled; the clerk and orderly room, which offers displays about Gen. Tom Green, a Confederate leader for whom Tom Green County is named; and the court-martial room, which provides a reminder of how hard life at a frontier post could be.

Also in the building is the regimental headquarters room, with exhibits of guns, early San Angelo history, maps, and original fort plans, and the post commander's office, which depicts the history of the fort's black soldiers. Finally there is the post library and reading room, which houses exhibits about the major Indian tribes of west Texas, as well as displays on historic U.S. military headgear.

Barracks row takes up most of the west side of the parade grounds. Only two barracks are restored, though other restoration is planned. Barracks 6 houses a small museum and a sutler's store, where books and gift items are sold. Behind it is one of the old mess halls, which has exhibits that change

Author's Photo

The post headquarters building at Fort Concho in San Angelo, Texas.

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every three months. Barracks 5 and another mess hall behind it have also been outfitted as they would have been in the 1880s.

Across the parade grounds from barracks row is officers' row. One of the buildings there houses the Fort Concho Education Department, and another the Fort Concho administrative offices. Some of the others have been restored and are open to visitors; one is even available for parties and receptions. One of the homes, used by Col. Ranald S. Mackenzie for a time, is a museum exhibit.

Southeast of officers' row is the post hospital. Damaged by fire in 1911 and demolished in 1929, the hospital has been reconstructed and now houses the Robert Wood Johnson Museum of Frontier Medicine and the Fort Concho Elementary School Library.

Between the post hospital and the officers' quarters is the Fort Concho chapel-schoolhouse. In the fort's heyday, soldiers as well as children attended the school as illiteracy was rampant among enlisted men.

The schoolhouse is used for San Angelo's Frontier School Program. Each year, every fourth-grader in San Angelo spends four hours at the school, receiving the same type of instruction that his counterparts received over one hundred years ago.

Fort Concho offers a variety of annual events, including "Sabres, Saddles, and Spurs," an equestrian review in May; "Frontier Days at Old Fort Concho," in June; "Fiestas Patrias," which celebrates Mexican independence in September; and "Christmas at Old Fort Concho" in December.

The fort is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and Sundays, 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. Admission is $1.25 for adults, seventy-five cents for children. The fort is located at 213 East Avenue D, San Angelo, Texas. For more information call (915) 657-4441 or (915) 657-4444.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

Auction to Benefit Russell Museum

Western art enthusiasts will have a chance to view and buy original art works and to meet the artists who painted them at an October 5 fundraiser to benefit the C.M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana. Proceeds from this sixth annual sale will support museum collections care and acquisitions.

The juried show of up to one hundred art works will be sold by luck of the draw. Participating artists donate forty percent of the sale price to the museum. Artists price their work, then interested buyers fill out intent-to-purchase slips and place them in sealed boxes under the art works. Museum trustees then draw one name from each box.

This year's featured artist is Joelle Smith, an award winning young western artist. She will donate one hundred percent of her proceeds to the museum. Originally from Portland, Oregon, Smith's fascination with Charlie Russell and all things western took her to Hobson, Montana, where she now lives and works.

Smith has been juried into the C.M. Russell Auction of Original Western Art each year since 1988 and was awarded the People's Choice for best painting in 1989. Her featured art work and the Juror's Choice "best of show" piece will be sold by live auction.

The benefit sale begins at 6:30 p.m. at the museum, 400 13th Street North, in Great Falls. Reservations are required and the fifty-dollar ticket price includes hors d'oeuvres, cocktails, desserts, and entertainment. Call Cheryl Reichelt, (406) 727-8787 for reservations and information.

Billy the Kid Symposium Set

The Lincoln County Heritage Trust and Recursos De Santa Fe are co-sponsoring a symposium entitled "In the Days of Billy the Kid: Violence and the Western Frontier," September 11–14. It will be held in Lincoln County, New Mexico, site of the 1878 Lincoln County War in which Billy the Kid was a key player.

A highlight of the event will be the presentation of new research by the Lincoln County Heritage Trust's Billy the Kid Photographic Research Project.

The $350 symposium fee includes two banquets, one barbecue, and field trips, but does not include lodging. The symposium is being held at the Ruidoso Swiss Chalet, 1-800-477-9477; the Ruidoso Valley Chamber of Commerce, 1-800-253-2255 or (505) 257-7395, has information on other accommodations. One-day tickets are available for $100.

For more information contact Recursos De Santa Fe, 826 Camino de Monte Rey, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501, (505) 982-9301; or Lincoln County Heritage Trust, P.O. Box 98, Lincoln, New Mexico 88338, (505) 653-4025.

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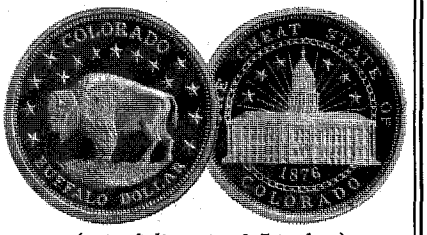
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Bloody Bill Anderson: Civil War Terror

By CHUCK PARSONS

During the Civil War guerrilla chieftain William Clarke Quantrill led a reign of terror in Missouri and Kansas. One of his most notorious, and murderous, lieutenants was Bill Anderson. Nelson W. Hope, 1104 E. Broadmor Drive, Tempe, Arizona 85282, wrote for more information on this Confederate irregular.

"Bloody Bill" Anderson was born February 2, 1837, in Jefferson County, Missouri, the son of William and Martha Anderson. He reputedly learned the outlaw's trade from his father and brother. By 1863 he had joined Quantrill.

A contemporary description of him cited his prominent cheekbones and small angry eyes which had a "peculiar gleam." Anderson gave as a reason for his bloodthirsty campaign against Federal soldiers and loyalists the fact they had killed his father and uncle on March 11, 1862.

Perhaps Anderson's most significant action was the Centralia Massacre, September 27, 1864. After sacking the town of Centralia, Missouri, he and his drunken guerrillas attacked a passenger train. On board, among other passengers, were twenty-three Union soldiers. Anderson ordered them taken from the train, lined up, and shot.

Anderson himself died almost a month later, on October 26, near Orrick, Missouri. Maj. Samuel P. Cox of the Missouri State Militia is credited with Anderson's killing, although Cox's bugler, Adolph Vogel, also claimed the honor. Anderson is buried at Richmond, Missouri. Originally a tree stump and rocks were all that marked his grave, but in April 1967 a United States government tombstone was placed there. A good biography of him is Donald R. Hale's *They Called Him Bloody Bill.*

Redlegs

Another question pertaining to the guerrilla struggle along the Kansas-Missouri border in the Civil War comes from Tim Dye, Route 1, Box 13, Stafford, Kansas 67578. He wants to know more about a group known as the "Redleg Scouts."

The history of the Kansas-based "Redlegged Scouts," or simply the "Redlegs," is sketchy, for there are very few surviving primary documents of their operations. They may have had their genesis in a band of scouts that Union Generals James G. Blunt and Thomas Ewing, Jr., formed as a screen against invading Missouri guerrillas.

The Redlegs quickly earned a reputation for robbery and murder, and did not necessarily confine these acts to Rebel Missouri; they practiced them in Kansas as well. Charles Jennison was probably the chief Redleg leader.

The guerrillas got their distinctive name from the red sheepskins they used for leggings. They apparently took them as loot from a raid on an Independence, Missouri, boot factory.

Straight Stuff on a Straight Shooter

Tim Dye also asked for the names of some accurate books about Annie Oakley. I can think of three good choices: *Annie Oakley of the Wild West*, by Walter Havighurst (MacMillan, 1954); *Missie—An Historical Biography*, by Annie Fern Swartwout (Brown Publishers, 1947); and *Annie Oakley Woman at Arms*, by Courtney Ryley Cooper (Duffield, 1927). All are good, although Annie Oakley was Swartwout's mother's sister, so that volume cannot be considered totally objective. If I had to choose my favorite of the three it would be the Havighurst biography.

Lost Photo of Billy

I recently received a letter from the Lincoln County Heritage Trust, which has an ongoing project to analyze photos which are reportedly of Billy the Kid. They are searching for a lost photo of Billy.

They write: "We are attempting to locate the family of Lester Fried who at one time owned an original encased tintype of two young men purportedly showing Billy the Kid and his brother Joseph. This picture first appeared on page eight of the Billy the Kid book, *A Date with Destiny*, by Carl W. Breihan and Marion Ballert. It is not our intention to buy the tintype but hopefully to make it available to the Lincoln County Heritage Trust for the computer analysis of images purporting to be of the Kid. The original, or a very good clear reproduction, is necessary for obtaining a close analysis." If anyone has any information on this tintype, please contact me.

Tribal Differences

Differences between the various North American Indian tribes are often subtle. F.H. Minger, P.O. Box 632, Manchester, Tennessee 37355, wants to know the difference between the terms "Lakota" and "Dakota."

As I understand it, French traders coined the term "Sioux" as a contraction of the Algonquin phrase meaning "snakes" or "enemy." The people who share their language would prefer to be termed "Dakota" rather than Sioux. Those to whom we commonly refer as Sioux have Dakota as their main language; two lesser dialects are "Nakota" and "Lakota." Thus the term Dakota refers to the main language and the other terms are dialectical variations.

The Demise of Butch and the Kid

One of the longest-running and most controversial questions in western history is where and when Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid died. John E. Borror, P.O. Box 1023, Anderson, Indiana 46015, recently asked that very question.

I am inclined to believe that they died in South America, not exactly like the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* portrayed their death, but something like that. There was a gun battle but not of the scale in the movie.

Anne Meadows and Daniel Buck have done extensive research into the outlaws' demise. Their research, conducted with primary source materials as well as field investigations in South America,

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points out that in all likelihood the two were indeed killed in a gun battle with soldiers on November 7, 1908. They were buried in a single grave at San Vicente, Bolivia. These authors' latest works have been published in the Fall 1991 OLD WEST magazine, and *Americas* magazine, volume 42, number 6.

Henry and Electa

Long-time TRUE WEST reader Dan McNinch, P.O. Box 771, Winnemucca, Nevada 89445, recalls reading a story about Montana outlaw Henry Plummer and his wife, Electa Bryan. "I have never seen any other reference to this woman," he writes, and wants to know what happened to her.

Electa Bryan met Henry Plummer in the fall of 1862 near Fort Benton, Montana. One pioneer remembered Electa as "pure," "unsophisticated," and "beautiful." They were married on June 20, 1863, while Henry was the sheriff of Bannack. Their marriage was short-lived, however. Soon vigilantes took control of the town, determined Henry was a desperado, and hanged him on January 10, 1864.

However, some months before the execution Electa had left Henry and returned to Iowa. Soon she joined family members in Emory, South Dakota, where she became a school teacher. Ten years after Henry Plummer's death, she married James Maxwell, a widower with six children. Her second marriage was happier than her first; the Maxwells had three sons of their own, two of whom lived to adulthood.

The latest biography of Henry Plummer, and the first complete study of the man, is *Hanging the Sheriff*. It is a thoroughly researched book by authors R.E. Mather and F.E. Boswell, published by the University of Utah Press in 1987.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

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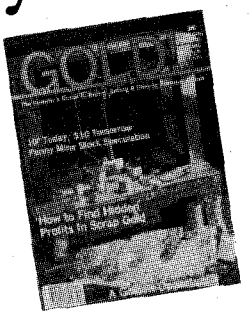

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Life and Death of an Indian Lover

By CHARLES M. ROBINSON III

Prints and Photographs Collection, Barker Texas History Center, University of Texas at Austin

Major Robert Simpson Neighbors, shown here with his wife, saw the Indians as human beings who had rights, and this ultimately cost him his life.

Maj. Robert Simpson Neighbors was a humanitarian who believed Indians and whites could coexist in the same land. That was not a popular notion in West Texas in the 1850s. Ultimately, it cost Neighbors his life.

Neighbors was superintendent of the Brazos River agencies. Unlike the Quaker agents who would come west a decade later, he was not a pacifist. He was a classic frontiersman—a large, tough man, equally at home with Bible or gun. But he was a compassionate man as well and saw Indians as human beings. He felt those who were peaceful should be allowed to go about their business unmolested. He had little patience with anyone who disagreed.

A Virginian, Neighbors was twenty years old when he came to Texas in 1836. He served as quartermaster in the army, then joined Capt. Jack Hays' Rangers. He was in San Antonio when a Mexican expeditionary force occupied the city in 1842, and he spent the next two years as a prisoner in the Fortress of Perote in Central Mexico.

After Neighbors' return to Texas, President Anson Jones of the Republic of Texas appointed him as agent to the Tonkawas and Lipan Apaches. He lived with the Tonkawas and was even allowed to watch the secret Wolf Dance commemorating the creation of the tribe.

During his stay, the Tonkawa camp was visited by a Comanche war party under the chief Mo-ko-cho-pe. The chief had no use for whites, but on getting to know Neighbors, he felt the agent might be an exception. As he discussed the subject of friendship, Mo-ko-cho-pe expressed a pointed admiration for Neighbors' coat. The major took the hint and made a gift of it. Then various other Comanches admired bits and pieces of his clothing, "until at length the agent of the Lone-star republic found himself divested of all his apparel, with the exception of his linen shirt. . . . "

Pleased with his generosity, the Com-

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anches invited him on a horse-stealing expedition. If he did well, they promised to adopt him into the tribe and provide him with one of their women. Neighbors felt he had no choice but to go along. After a few days, however, he managed to slip away and return to Austin. Still the adventure left the Comanches feeling they had at least one friend among the whites.

Comanche friendship proved valuable when Texas was annexed to the U.S., and Neighbors' jurisdiction was expanded to include the southern branch of the tribe. It was probably during this tenure that he had a close brush with death, while spending a few weeks with Mo-ko-cho-pe. A war party of Northern Comanches rode into the camp, after losing one of their warriors in a skirmish with whites. They demanded Neighbors be turned over to them in order to avenge the death. If Mo-ko-cho-pe refused, they promised there would be trouble. The chief was outraged. The agent was his guest and his friend, and under the protection of his hospitality. If they insisted on having his life, they would have to kill Mo-ko-cho-pe first. The Northern Comanches backed down. But Mo-ko-cho-pe didn't trust them, and told Neighbors to stay by his side constantly until the war party rode on.

ALTHOUGH Neighbors' effort with the Indians was successful, it was not enough to protect his job. Because they were appointed to their positions, agents were subject to the whims of political patronage. With the election of President Zachary Taylor, Neighbors lost his position. Still, the experience had awakened his interest in the welfare of the tribes. Shortly afterwards, he was elected to the legislature and used his seat to advance their cause.

As the 1840s came to a close, the federal government established a line of military posts to protect the frontier from the Rio Grande to Indian Territory. The military command in Texas ordered that any Indian found within that line would be put to death. In June 1851, Col. Samuel Cooper, assistant adjutant general of the army, made an inspection trip from Fort Graham to the tribes which had been pushed into the Upper Brazos area west of the line. He found most of them living peaceably and willing to abide by whatever rules the government set out, provided the whites kept their side of the bargain.

Based on Cooper's report, Neighbors introduced a bill setting aside reservation lands which would be under federal administration. The bill was approved on February 6, 1852, and created a lower reservation of 37,000 acres in Young County for the minor tribes. Since those tribes were traditional enemies of the Comanches, the latter received a smaller reservation on the Clear Fork of the Brazos, in what is now Shackelford and Throckmorton counties. The election of Franklin Pierce as president that year returned Neighbors to political favor, and he was appointed superintendent of the new agencies.

By 1854, the federal government was ready to survey the reservation sites. Capt. Randolph Marcy, already a noted southwestern explorer, was chosen to lead the expedition. Marcy went to Fort Belknap on the Upper Brazos, where he was joined by Neighbors and several Delaware Indians, who would serve as guides, interpreters, and hunters.

Commenting on the situation he and Neighbors faced, Marcy wrote, "The Indian tribes in Texas at that time were the Southern Comanches, Witchetaws, Wacos, Tawackanies, Ionies, Anahdakas, Caddos, Tonkawas, and Keechis.

"These Indians, with the exception of the Comanches, constituted minute remnants of what were once formidable tribes, but now the aggregate of their slender numbers would hardly reach 2500 souls.

"The borderers of Texas have often made war upon them without the slightest provocation, and have, time and time again, robbed them of their fields,

Texas State Archives

The Tonkawas were among the native Texas tribes at the Lower Brazos agency, and were taken to Indian Territory when Neighbors closed the agencies in 1859. A few years later, they were repatriated to Texas, where warriors such as this one served as scouts for the military at Fort Griffin.

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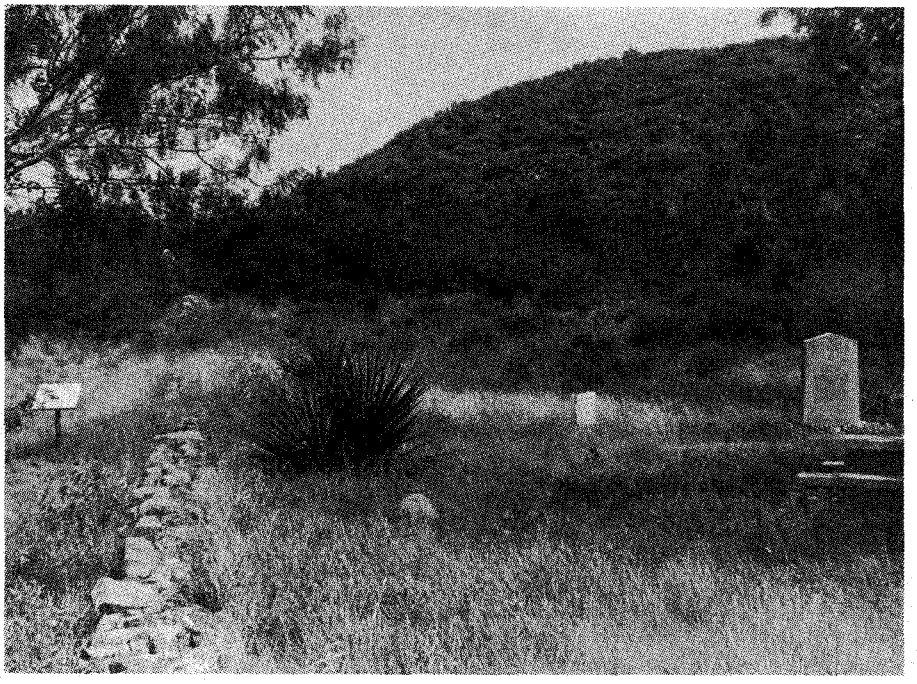
Capt. Randolph Marcy, shown here in later years as inspector general, developed a strong friendship with Neighbors.



Author's Photo

The remains of a defensive wall, the only one of its kind at a military post in Texas, mark the boundary of Fort Inge. The ruins of Fort Inge are preserved in a county park near Uvalde.

and forced them to abandon their agricultural improvements, and removed farther and farther away as the white settlers encroached upon them. They have been robbed, murdered, and starved, until they have been reduced to mere skeletons of nominal tribes, which, when we went among them, were so much disheartened and discouraged that they were perfectly willing to submit to any charge that held out to them the least guarantee of security."

Soon after their arrival at Belknap, the two white leaders called a council of the chiefs and explained their mission. The representatives of the Ionies, Anadarkos, Caddos, Wichitas, and Wacos agreed. Jose Maria, the Ioni-Anadarko delegate, said he and his followers would be ready to move as soon as the lands were surveyed. The Tawakoni representatives told the whites they were not authorized to make any agreements, but would present the proposal to their tribe.

The Tonkawas, whom the other tribes considered renegades, did not attend. However, Neighbors saw no problem with that, because of his previous relationship with them. He also sent a message to the Southern Comanches, asking for a meeting.

Traveling on through the various headwaters of the Brazos, Marcy and Neighbors found signs of other tribes, including raiding parties. Eventually they encountered the Southern Comanche chief Ketumseh, who was coming to see them in response to Neighbor's message. Ketumseh brought a letter of recommendation from the commanding officer of Fort Chadbourne, stating that he had not been involved in recent depredations.

According to Ketumseh, the raids were organized by the northern tribes. However, he pointed out that war parties often stopped by his camp and occasionally managed to persuade some of his younger warriors to join. The chief rode with Marcy and Neighbors until they found a spot on the Clear Fork of the Brazos which they felt would be ideal for the Comanches. Ketumseh then left to bring the southern tribes in, while the whites surveyed the reservation. At that point, they received a message from Senaco, paramount chief of the Southern Comanches, pointing out that Ketumseh was not authorized to speak for the entire group of tribes. Accordingly, Senaco himself arrived with several other chiefs a short time later, to hear what the government had in mind. After Marcy made his presentation, the chiefs conferred.

Finally, Senaco said, "We very well remember what our former chief Mo-ko-cho-pe told us before he died, and we endeavor to carry out his wishes after he is gone from us. He advised us to take the counsels of the whites and be governed by them, and they would benefit us. This has sunk deep into our hearts, and we shall not soon forget it.

We are very glad to hear the talk which has been sent us at this time; it makes our hearts warm, and we feel happy that our Great Father remembers his poor Red children in the prairies.

"We accept the talk, and shall endeavor to accede to all that is required to us."

When Senaco had finished, Neighbors handed out presents and Marcy distributed rations.

The Indians established themselves on the Brazos reservation. The Comanches also moved there, staying until their reservation on the Clear Fork was ready. Troops at Fort Belknap maintained order, protected the reservation, and kept whites and Indians away from each other.

Unfortunately, the reservations did not solve the problem. Until the Indians could establish themselves on the new land, they were dependent on the government for rations. The rations were delayed. Assistant Agent George Hill reported the Comanches were dying of starvation. Yet they kept the faith. Neighbors had placed his trust in them. Rather than violate that trust by bolting the reservation, they slaughtered and ate their prized horses. Then a rumor started that the government was consolidating them at the agencies to exterminate them. That was too much. Senaco took 800 followers and fled north.

The military created its share of problems as well. Soldiers camped near the agency let it be known that they were

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there to clear the Indians out of Texas. White settlers feared that might stir up trouble with the friendly tribes. In South Texas, Assistant Agent George Howard had assembled about 250 Tonkawas along the Upper Nueces, but the commanding officer at Fort Inge refused to let them within the line of forts in order to travel to the reservation.

Neighbors went directly to Brig. Gen. Persifor Smith, departmental commander in San Antonio, for a change in policy. Then he purchased wagons so Howard could transport the Indians' baggage to the Brazos Agency. But Howard pleaded bad health, and Neighbors had to go personally to Fort Inge. On arrival, he found the Indians had scattered after a band of whites had attempted to raid their camp and steal their ponies. Neighbors considered Howard responsible and recommended he be retired.

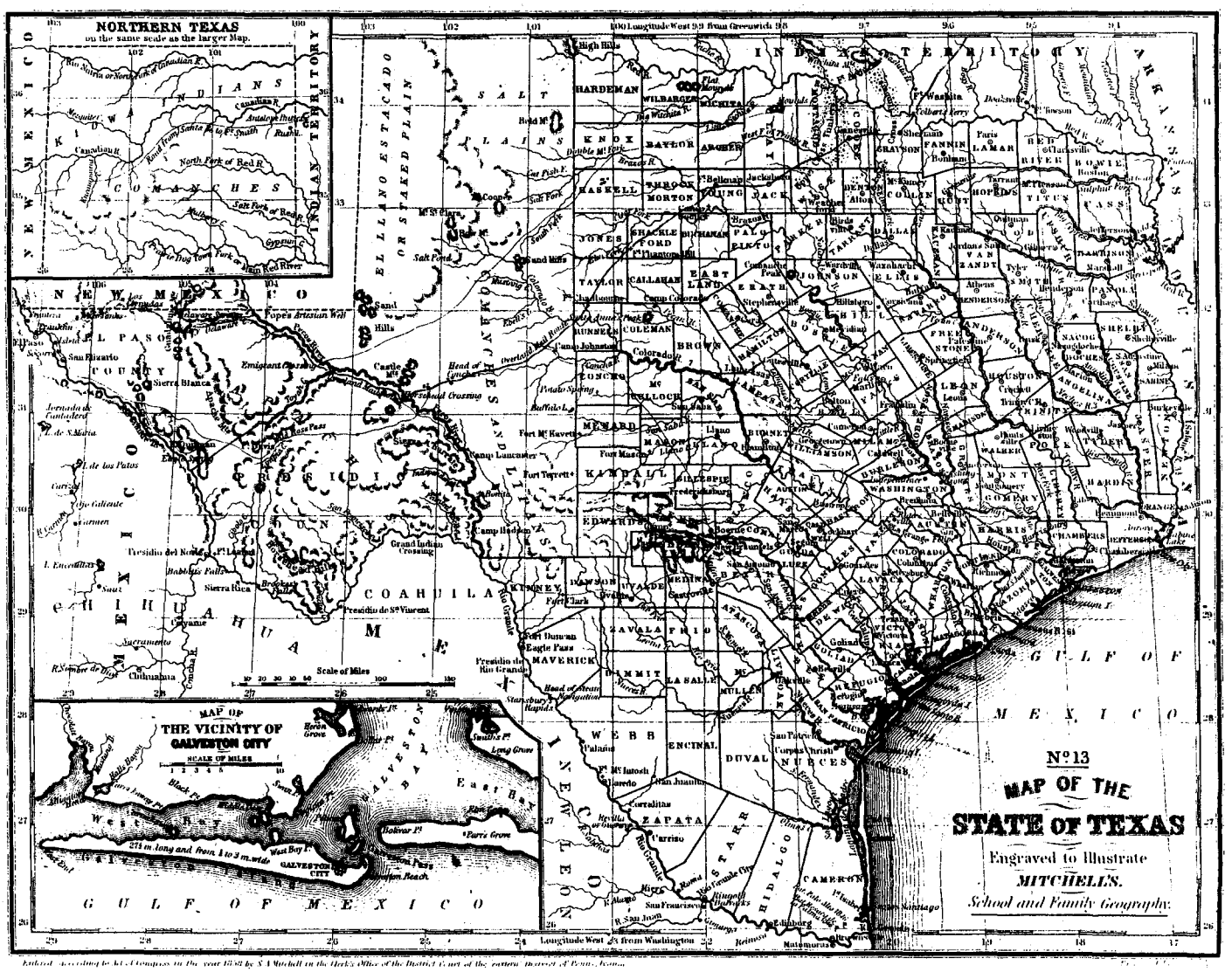
In spite of every obstacle, the plan seemed to work. By the middle of 1855, the Comanches were on their own reservation on the Clear Fork, and Camp Cooper had been established to keep everything under control there. Neighbors appointed John Robert Baylor as agent for the new reserve. Initially, the choice seemed a good one. Baylor had no illusions about his charges. They were a warrior race who would never lend themselves to farming. But he felt they could be handled better by feeding them than by fighting them. As it turned out, however, the choice of Baylor was a bad mistake.

In June 1855, there were 557 Indians on the Brazos Reservation. The Tonkawas had reassembled at Fort Clark and were coming in later. On August 27, Neighbors and Hill convened a council and presented the Indians with a treaty. The chiefs all signed, with Ketumseh representing the Southern Comanches. For the time being, things were quiet. Neighbors kept the Indians and whites apart. The town of Belknap grew up, its economy depending largely on the military at Fort Belknap and the Indians and civil servants on the Brazos Reservation.

Unfortunately, the Northern Comanches and Kiowas had not settled down and had no intention of doing so. Their livelihoods were based on raiding, and the white settlers of the Brazos Valley were fair game. They also remembered how many of the reservation Indians had at one time or another scouted against them with Rip Ford's Rangers or Earl Van Dorn's soldiers. The reservation tribes were thus caught between two powerful enemies, the Kiowa-Comanche alliance on one side, and the whites on the other. And neither side had any great love for the reservations.

Raiding became serious in 1858. The Kiowas and Comanches were armed by

The Texas of Robert S. Neighbors—a map from 1859. Author's Collection



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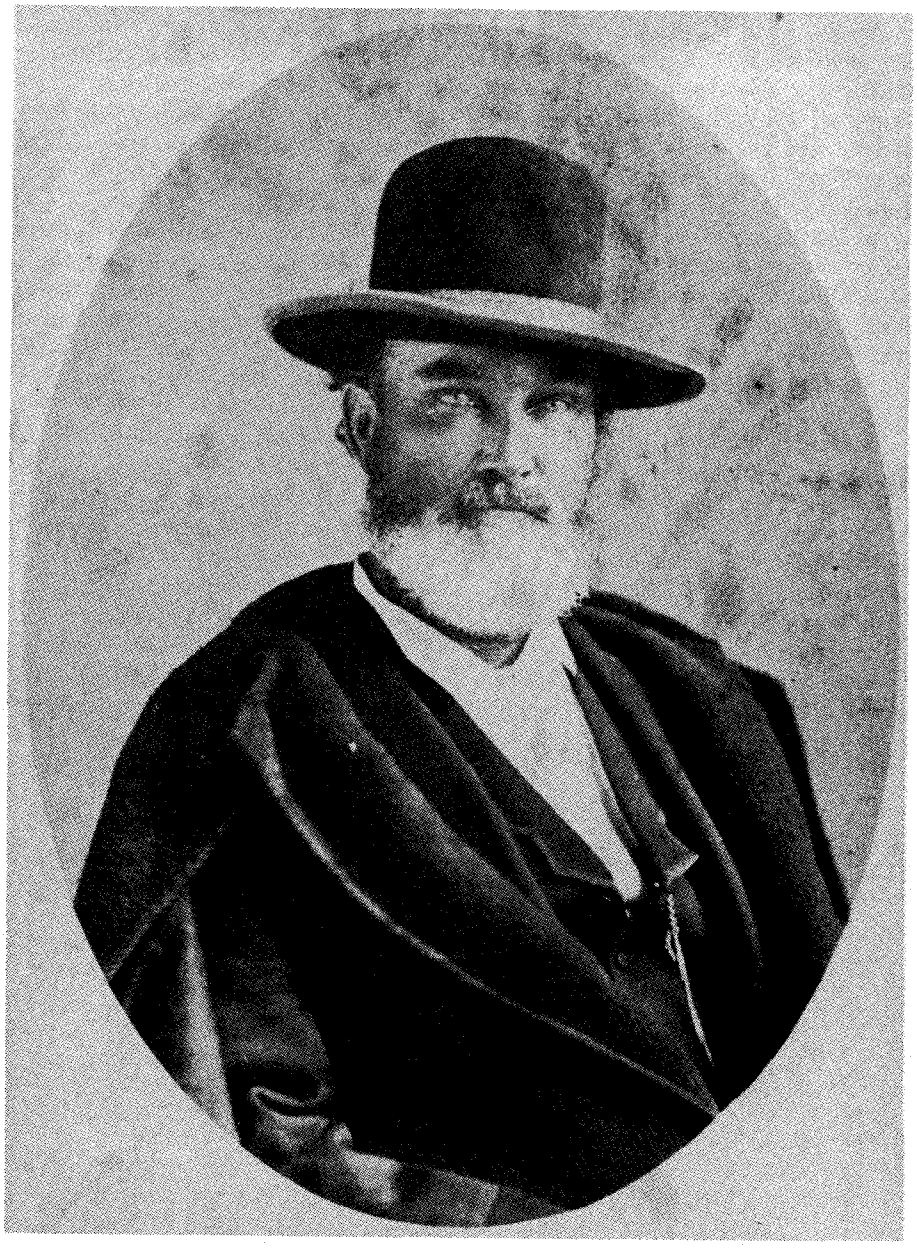

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John Robert Baylor originally supported Neighbors' policies. But his harsh treatment of his Indian charges led to his dismissal and made him into an implacable foe.

the federal government at Fort Atkinson on the Arkansas River, ostensibly for hunting. Then they would foray into Texas and return to the Arkansas to sell their stolen horses and mules to white traders.

In a letter to army headquarters in New York (where Gen. Winfield Scott had moved it from Washington), Bvt. Maj. Gen. David E. Twiggs, the departmental commander, wrote that Neighbors "attributed the robberies, murders, and thefts in Texas to parties of Indians who in summer receive, on the Arkansas river, presents of arms and ammunition. The agent (Major Neighbors) represents those Indians to be Commanches, Kioways, and Kickapoos, and to be the depredators on the Texas frontier, and are the same Indians that receive arms and ammunition on the Arkansas river. . . . As I do not understand the policy of this government in arming those Indians who, it is notoriously known to be those that are harassing the Texas frontier, I do not complain of it, but think it is strange that such things are."

Knowing that the northern tribes occasionally stopped by the Clear Fork reservation, Neighbors conducted an investigation, and determined which specific Comanche bands were involved. He also questioned the tribes of the Brazos agency and gathered enough evidence "to convict the Kickapoos."

Frustrated, he wrote to Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs Charles Mix, "Although your department has been notified frequently that the northern bands of Comanches, Kioways, &c., were hostile. . . they have received their annual presents at Fort Atkinson, amongst which was a portion of arms and ammunition, thus arming them better for their attacks. It is certainly time that this policy should be abandoned, and active military measures adopted to coerce the hostile bands into subjection, and force them to abandon their predatory habits."

The superintendent now faced trouble from within. Baylor had been harsh and bullying to his Indian charges. It had reached the point where he and Ketumseh were no longer on speaking terms. Neighbors fired him. As Walter Prescott Webb observed, Baylor "now assumed the role of trouble-maker which he played with a rare gift." He issued a public statement saying the Brazos tribes could be maintained, but that the Comanches on the Clear Fork caused nothing but trouble. He also accused the agents of excessive leniency. In a public meeting, he stirred up sentiment against the reservations and Neighbors.

SEEING HIS position was hopeless, Neighbors went to Washington to push for the removal of the Comanches to Indian Territory, beyond harm's way. Both state and federal investigations were ordered. The state investigation was handled by Rip Ford, who found the citizens all too willing to implicate the reservation Comanches without the slightest proof. "I am willing to punish the Comanches, if they are found guilty," Ford commented, "but I am not disposed to do so unjustly and improperly."

But one of Ford's captains, Allison Nelson, entered into a conspiracy with the Baylor faction to undermine Neighbors. On the night of December 27, 1858, a group of whites slipped into the camp of a hunting party which had received permission to leave the Brazos Agency. Four Indian men and three women were murdered in their sleep. The Rangers determined the identity of the murderers, and District Court Judge N.W. Battles ordered Ford to arrest them. Ford declined on the grounds that as a military officer (which Rangers were at that time), he could not obey a civil court order. Although he was technically correct, Neighbors never forgave him. A grand jury also refused to indict the guilty parties.

Winter turned into spring, and the Brazos Valley simmered. In May, the Brazos agent, Shapley Ross, wrote that

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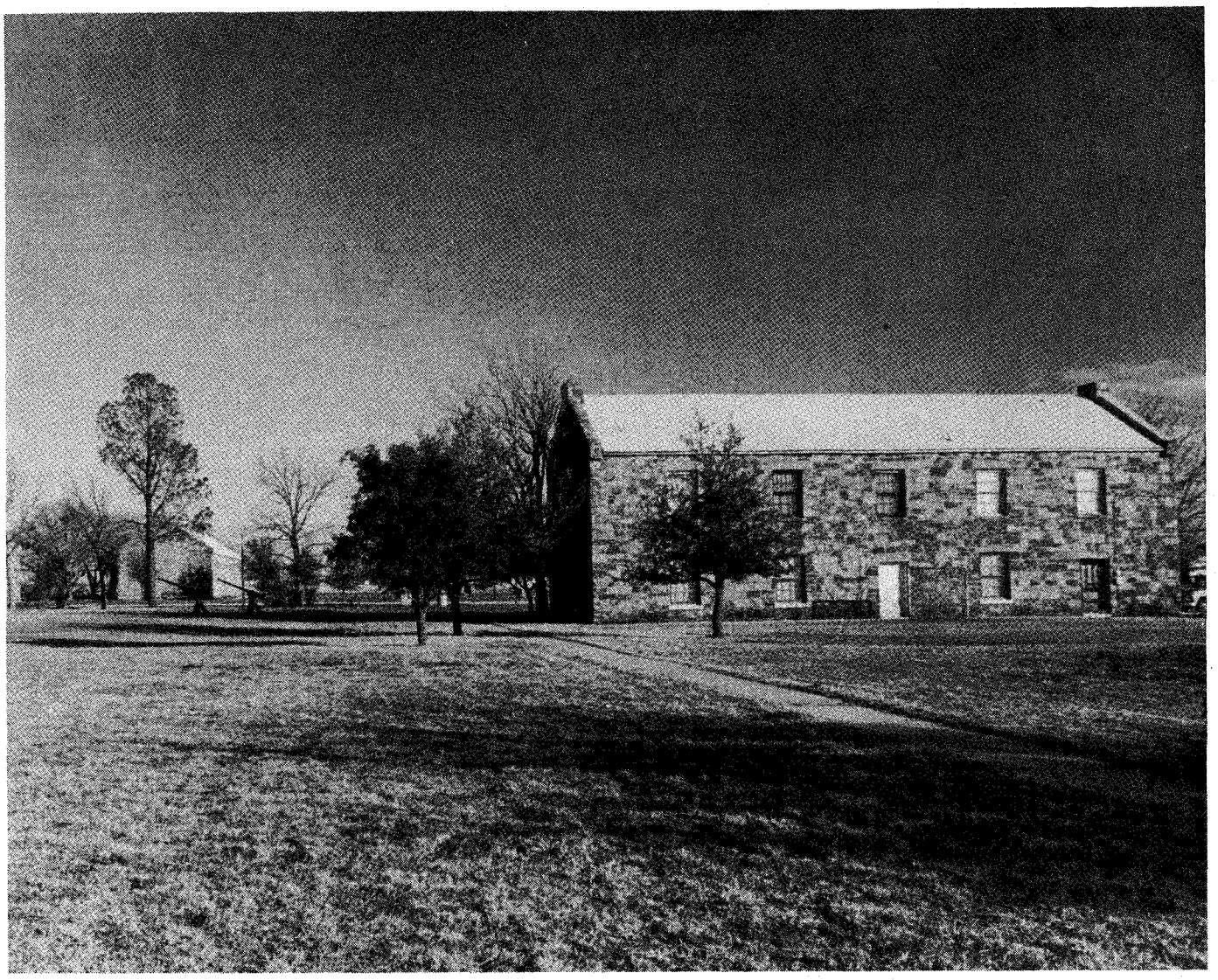

Author's Photo

Fort Belknap. Neighbors was assassinated in the adjoining town of Fort Belknap in 1859. His crypt is in the old post cemetery across the road.

Baylor "is prowling around the reserve with a body of armed men with the avowed object of taking scalps." On May 23, a rifle company from Fort Belknap was posted to defend the reservation. Baylor announced that if the soldiers opened fire, he would shoot back. The officer in charge called his bluff, and Baylor backed away. But the Indians had taken up arms and were hanging around the edge of Baylor's mob. When one old man ventured too close, he was roped, dragged off, killed, and scalped. The Indians opened fire, and when the darkness ended the fighting, five of Baylor's men were dead.

On June 11, Neighbors received orders to close the reservations and move the tribes north of the Red River. Pushed by a company of Rangers under Capt. John Henry Brown, a less able man than Ford, the Indians had to abandon their livestock. In small groups, they began the march north. Throughout the summer, the trek continued until, on September 1, Neighbors formally delivered his charges to the Wichita Agency in Indian Territory and discharged his own employees.

"I have this day crossed all the Indians out of the heathen land of Texas and am now out of the land of the Philistines," Neighbors wrote his wife. "If you want to have a full description of our Exodus out of Texas—Read the 'Bible' where the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea. We have had about the same show, only our enemies did not follow us to R. River. If they had—the Indians would have—in all probability sent them back without the interposition of Divine providence."

Neighbors was now forty-three. But with the end of the agencies, his life's work was done. A few days after his return, he was gunned down on the street in Belknap. The assassin, Ed Cornett, did not know him; he simply hated what Neighbors stood for. Like other murderers in the Neighbors story, Cornett never came to trial. Even so, he paid the ultimate price. The Rangers had not liked Neighbors' ideals, but they had respected the man. When Cornett's body was found, it was generally acknowledged that the Rangers had brought him to justice in their own way.

Fort Belknap closed the same year as the reservations. Without the military and agency payrolls, the town of Belknap began a rapid decline. Today, it has vanished completely. Only one corner of the fort still exists, preserved as a historical park by Young County. Across the road, however, is the old cemetery. A crypt sits above ground, with a granite historical marker erected by the State of Texas. It honors the final resting place of Maj. Robert Simpson Neighbors.

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Swamp Fox of the

PART ONE By JAMES SMALLWOOD

Illustrations by BUD McCAULLEY

The famed Swamp Fox of the Sulphur was shot and killed in an ambush led by a crippled man. Upon his death, Baker, a believer in massive firepower, had within reach a double-barrelled shotgun, four six-shooters, three derringers, and five knives.

On January 5, 1869, one of the most notorious bandits of the West, a man responsible for the deaths of dozens of people, met a fate even he would have found bizarre. Cullen Montgomery Baker, the famed Swamp Fox of the Sulphur, was shot and killed in an ambush led by a crippled man whom Baker had earlier hanged. Upon his death, Baker, a believer in massive firepower, had within reach a double-barrelled shotgun, four six-shooters, three derringers, and five knives.

A few days later the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* reported that "this man who has probably caused more excitement and committed more crimes than any man in modern times, has at last fallen, and the country breathes free once more." Yet the *Gazette*'s editor may have overstated Baker's opposition. Because Baker postured himself as a Confederate hero and defender of the "lost cause," he always had many supporters in southwestern Arkansas and eastern Texas.

CULLEN BAKER was a Tennesseean, born June 22 or 23, 1835, close to the Kentucky line. His parents were well-thought-of, respectable farmers. Cullen was the second of the Bakers' eight children and their first son.

Before Cullen was a year old, his father, John Baker, heard of Gen. Sam Houston's victory over Mexican troops at San Jacinto, and decided to take his family to the new Republic of Texas. Financial considerations delayed the move until March 1839, but by October the Bakers had settled at Spanish Bluffs in Red River (now Bowie) County, near the Arkansas line.

By 1844 Spanish Bluffs had become too civilized for John Baker, who liked to live at the edge of the frontier, so he moved the family farther south. They finally settled in Cass County, about forty miles from Spanish Bluffs, on the south bank of the Sulphur Fork of the Red River.

Cullen was a solitary boy. Alone he roamed the Sulphur swamps, the woods, and the river bottom. He hunted, fished, trapped small game, and chased maverick cattle. His only friend was an

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Sulpur

old hound dog, and the two of them often stayed overnight in the swamps.

Cullen frequently caused trouble when he was around people other than his family. When he was twelve, he went with his father to Jefferson, Texas; while his father was engaged in business, Cullen jumped on a fine horse that belonged to a local businessman and ran it to death. John Baker had to settle with the horse's owner by giving him all he had of value—four bags of corn.

On another occasion, Cullen took some corn to the local mill for grinding. There several boys made fun of his homespun clothes. After tying his sack of corn meal to his mule, Cullen set upon the nearest boy, beat him to the ground, and began stomping him. He might have killed the boy had the miller not stopped him.

Cullen Baker developed into a brawler but remained relatively uneducated; he learned grade school reading and writing but little else. On most days he played hookie from school and went to the forest or swamp.

Baker had his growth by the time he was sixteen. He was slim and about six-feet-tall and had brown eyes and brown hair, which he wore shaggy and uncut. He usually dressed in corduroy pants, homespun shirt, leather half coat, heavy hand-made brogans, and a skin cap with fur inside.

WHILE HE WAS growing, Baker discovered one of the loves of his life—liquor. He frequented the saloons in the new Cass County settlements of Forrest Home and Courtland. By the time he was fully matured, Baker was probably an alcoholic. Certainly, during most of his nefarious exploits, he was under the influence of alcohol.

When drunk, Baker became aggressive and insulting. He brawled frequently, either alone or in gang frays. Baker's ferocity attracted the attention of grown men, most of whom were not impressed. As one old man said, "That Cul Baker, whut he needs is a good old fashioned gut-killin', him gittin' it, not givin' it."

When he was seventeen, one gang fight almost killed him. As Baker was about to plunge a Bowie knife into an opponent's face, a rowdy wielding a tomahawk struck him in the head. After the fight, Baker's friends carried the bloody, unconscious boy to a nearby house for medical attention. Baker may have suffered a permanent closed-head injury, which perhaps makes his outlaw career more explicable.

When he was nineteen, despite his wild ways, he met, courted, and married

Cullen was a solitary boy. Alone he roamed the Sulphur swamps, the woods, and the river bottom. He hunted, fished, trapped small game, and chased maverick cattle. His only friend was an old hound dog, and the two of them often stayed overnight in the swamps.

Jane Petty, daughter of an Arkansas farmer who lived just across the state line. His honeymoon was barely over, though, when his drinking and carousing finally led him to serious trouble.

In October 1854, Baker rode into Forrest Home with little in mind but another day of debauchery. When a young orphan boy named Stallcup offended the hot-headed Baker, the latter horsewhipped him severely. Stallcup complained to the town's authorities who quickly arrested, tried, and convicted Baker of assault. The conviction hinged in part on the testimony of a Mr. Bailey, who verified Stallcup's story of the whipping.

Baker received only a light sentence and was out of jail within a few days. Immediately he rode for Bailey's farm and caught the old man while he was feeding stock. Baker emptied both barrels of his shotgun into Bailey's legs, apparently intending to just teach the man a lesson, not to kill him. Nevertheless, Bailey fell mortally wounded and died three days later. Meanwhile, Bailey's grown son arrived at the farm just in time to see the incident. He disappeared into the farmhouse and came out with a gun. Baker immediately fled and hid in the swamps.

In the end, the old man's son did not exact his revenge. Baker fled to Perry County, Arkansas, where his uncle, a farmer named Thomas Young, hid him. Little is known about Baker between 1854 and 1858. Most probably he remained in Perry County. He did return briefly to Texas in 1856 to see his wife and child, only to disappear into Arkansas again.

In July 1858 Baker took his wife and little girl to Arkansas with him. The family lived quietly for about two years, but Baker's wife died on July 2, 1860. Grief-stricken, Baker took his daughter to Line Ferry, Arkansas (on the Sulphur), and left her with her maternal grandparents, the Hubbard Pettys. After briefly living in eastern Texas, Baker returned to Arkansas, where lawmen identified and chased him.

After returning to his uncle's farm in Perry County, Baker could not stay out of trouble. For reasons known only to himself, he horsewhipped a Mrs. Wortham, then staying at his uncle's farm. The drunken Baker struck the woman several times before her husband intervened, only to have Baker stab him in the heart. Mr. Wortham died immediately and Baker fled to northeast Texas; by that time the Civil War had begun and Texas authorities were too busy to bother with him.

The outlaw avoided trouble for a few months and, on July 1, 1862, married his second wife, Martha Foster. However, their honeymoon was interrupted when the Confederacy conscripted the new husband.

Baker, whom a contemporary writer called "insubordinate by nature and a coward at heart," was first stationed at

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Baker rode for Bailey's farm and caught the old man while he was feeding stock. Baker emptied both barrels of his shotgun into Bailey's legs, apparently intending to just teach the man a lesson, not to kill him.

Little Rock. He would not follow military regulations, and whenever he wanted to leave his unit, he simply rode away, often in full view of officers whom he threatened to kill if they "bothered" him.

On one such occasion Baker was traveling through Sevier County, Arkansas, on a trip to see his wife. He met a group of travelers, including a black woman sitting atop a wagon. She apparently looked condescendingly on Baker's ragged Confederate uniform, and he shot her dead in front of her master.

Fearing that the master might summon lawmen, Baker rode all night, forded the Little River, then the Red and the Sulphur, and arrived at his home near the swamps early the next morning, confident that he had outrun any pursuers. Once at home, he promptly murdered a young black man who had offended him at some time in the past.

Baker and his wife lived in relative isolation and peace through 1863, and he was even able to plant and harvest crops; then he killed yet another black person. A young slave who belonged to the estate of Ira Pugh offended Baker, who tied the boy to a tree and went looking for a hickory switch. The youth escaped and ran away. When Baker returned and saw the fleeing boy, he shot at him, but the boy was out of range. The boy ran to a Mr. Walters, who saved him by taking him across the Sulphur into another settlement. Later, Baker learned the whereabouts of his prey and went after him. He caught the youngster on the road, sitting atop a supply wagon. Leaving his white companions behind, the boy jumped from the wagon and bolted toward the nearby forest; according to the man who eventually killed Baker, Baker caught the boy and "shot him to pieces." He emptied six shots into the lad and left a "mangled corpse."

Despite his continued violence, Baker did not attract the attention of the law—at least not until 1864 when trans-Mississippi Confederate authorities decided to track down known deserters. Confederates chased Baker back across the Arkansas line, then northward until he reached Federal lines at Little Rock. There he went to the commanding officer and presented himself as a persecuted Unionist.

AFTER TAKING the oath of allegiance to the United States, he found work as an overseer of blacks in a refugee camp, but the job did not last. Soon, a black worker offended Baker, who immediately killed him. On the run again, Baker slipped through Federal lines and made his way south, back to his uncle's place in Perry County. There he found nothing but chaos, which was to his liking.

In Perry and adjacent counties guerrilla war had broken out. Union

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loyalists, called "Mountain Boomers," fought irregular Confederate units called the "Independent Rangers." Of course, some men on both sides were simply bandits, preferring to pillage civilian property rather than fight each other. The Boomers and Rangers created a reign of terror in the hills of southwest Arkansas, robbing, burning, and murdering indiscriminately.

Baker became a Ranger when they captured him. Accused of being a Federal man, he had to talk fast to avoid an immediate lynching. The Rangers spared his life, but kept him prisoner while they questioned him. Baker knew that the Rangers usually defeated any Boomers they came across, and to regain his freedom, he joined his captors. Slowly he gained the Rangers' trust and became a full partner in their terrorism.

Conditions in the area became so intolerable that many civilians left. As they fled the civilians also carried away valuable property that the irregulars wanted. Baker, who had become the Rangers' leader, took strong action. He tracked a group of nine men toward the Saline River and caught them as they were ferrying away on a barge. After Baker shot and killed one, the other eight surrendered. In an incident known as the "Massacre on the Saline," the outlaw and his men marched the eight survivors into the woods and killed them.

BY THE FALL of 1864, local vigilantes tried to organize against the Rangers, but their efforts only led to more bloodshed. When Baker, who now was drunk most of his waking hours, learned of their plans, he and his men fell upon the civilians of Perry County, killed some of them, and took their valuables. Still, civilian pressures finally forced the Rangers to disperse. Baker went back across the Red and disappeared into the Sulphur swamps. (In his subsequent career, Baker would so effectively use the swamps as a hiding place that he was dubbed "the Swamp Fox of the Sulphur.") He returned in a few weeks, though, reorganized some of his old Rangers, and presented himself to locals as a Confederate loyalist.

To convince the people that he was now sincere, Baker led his men in two running battles with the Boomers, who had also reorganized. He even directed several raids upon Federal scouting patrols.

While Baker was with the reorganized Rangers, his second wife, nineteen-year-old Martha, proved that she, at least,

Union loyalists, called "Mountain Boomers," fought irregular Confederate units called the "Independent Rangers." Of course, some men were simply bandits, preferring to pillage civilian property rather than fight. The Boomers and Rangers created a reign of terror in the hills of southwest Arkansas.

thought her husband was not all bad, for she risked her life to join him. In early 1865, Martha heard a false rumor that the Swamp Fox had been captured, taken to Little Rock and court martialed, and now waited in jail for his execution. On February 5 Martha left her family at Line Ferry, telling her mother that she was going to visit neighbors. Once out of sight of the farmstead, she wheeled her horse around to the east and headed for Arkansas. She forded the Red and veered north, toward Little Rock. At night, she made camp and slept alone on the ground.

At Centre Point, Arkansas, she contacted friends, hoping to find out the whereabouts of her husband. Learning nothing, she pushed on in a driving rain which soon turned to snow. She decided to go on to Perry County and find Baker's uncle. Cold and desperate, Martha rode on for at least thirty-six hours without rest. Exhausted, she fell from her horse and slept on the frozen ground.

Finally, after a few more days' riding, she reached the Young place. Martha had traveled more than 200 miles alone. She was grateful when Uncle Thomas told her that the rumors had been false; the Fox had not been captured. Within a few days, Baker arrived at the farm and was at first horrified to see his wife; temporarily he became angry, knowing that she could have been raped and killed on the trail. Anger soon turned to happiness, though, and Martha stayed on the farm, which her husband was now using as his headquarters.

IN MID-1865, the Civil War ended too soon to suit Baker and his men, for they no longer had an excuse to engage in terrorism. The Rangers disbanded and Baker took his wife and went back to Sulphur River country where they operated the Line Ferry for a time.

One bizarre incident occurred in July 1865, and perhaps it began the legend of Baker as a defender of the "lost cause." Baker and some of his neighbors left Forrest Home and were riding toward Jefferson on a business trip. On the road, they came upon several of the old Rangers, who were peacefully driving some horses and cattle. The two parties passed each other with cordial waves.

Soon, the Swamp Fox and his friends reached a Mrs. Drew's farm, near the outskirts of Jefferson. He was told that just that morning a gang led by Cullen Baker had stolen all the horses and cattle on the place! When he informed Mrs. Drew that *he* was Cullen Baker and that *he* had not robbed the place, all in his party vouched for his truthfulness.

After being promised a sizable reward, Baker went after his old cohorts and overcame them; he recaptured and returned the stock to the Drew farm. Thereafter, witnesses spread the word of the Fox's feat, exaggerated it a little, and claimed that Baker was a bonafide Confederate hero.

Next issue: Cullen Baker steps up his reign of terror as he fights Federal Reconstruction policies. The Swamp Fox becomes even more notorious, never hesitating to kill personal enemies or anyone, black or white, standing in the way of white supremacy.

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By HAROLD L. EDWARDS

The Man Who Killed Ike

Ike Clanton is best known for his involvement in the Earp-Clanton feud in Cochise County, Arizona, which culminated in the shootout at the OK Corral, October 26, 1881. Of course Ike did not die there at the hands of Virgil, Wyatt, and Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday; he was unarmed when the shooting started and fled for his life, leaving his brother, Billy, and Tom and Frank McLaury to die in the battle. A lesser-known lawman killed Ike Clanton six years later. He was sometimes called, unflatteringly, a "correspondence school detective." His name was Jonas V. Brighton.

After the fight at the OK Corral, Ike and his brother, Phineas, drifted into New Mexico, ranched for a time, then moved into Apache County, Arizona, and ranched near Springerville. However, area ranchers soon began to suspect the Clanton brothers of cattle rustling. They quietly put a stock detective—Jonas V. Brighton—into the region to gather evidence against them.

At the end of April 1887, Phineas Clanton was arrested for cattle theft, and he and his brother-in-law, Ebin Stanley, were convicted; Phineas went to Yuma Prison. Ike Clanton was wanted for cattle rustling, but he remained in the area.

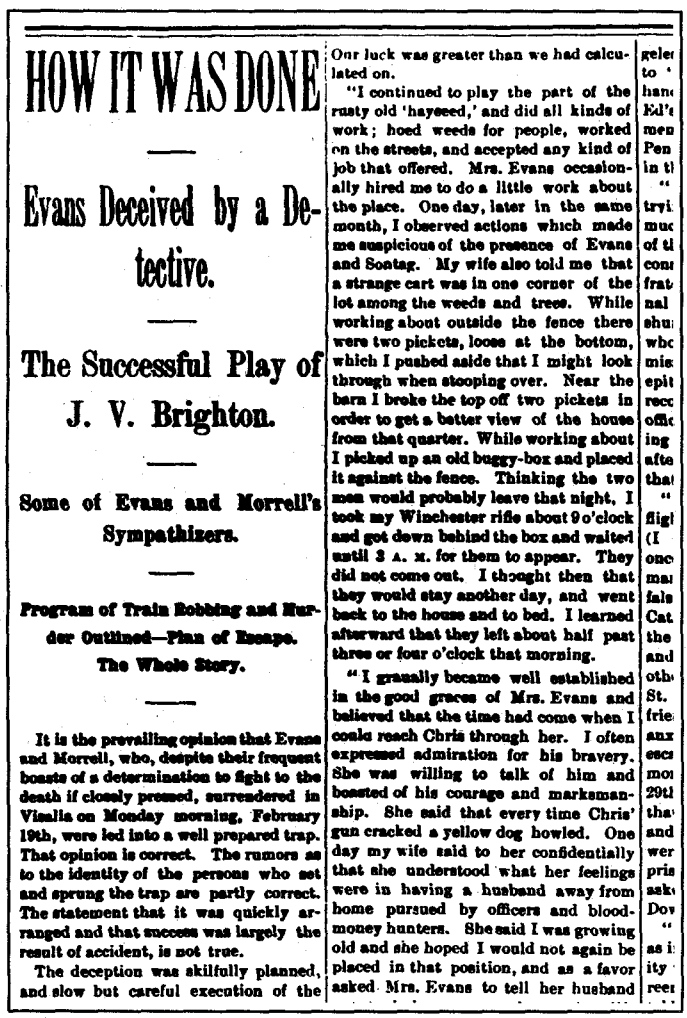
Toward the end of May 1887, Apache County Deputy Sheriff Albert Miller and Brighton rode about the county looking for Clanton. On the evening of May 31 they rode into James Wilson's ranch on Eagle Creek. Both men and animals needed rest, and they decided to spend the night at the ranch.

Just after daylight the lawmen and Wilson sat down to breakfast. At that moment they heard someone ride a horse into the yard. Brighton picked up his rifle and stepped to the door; Miller stepped to his side, gun drawn. Ike Clanton rode to the door and spoke to Brighton but saw Miller look out the door over Brighton's shoulder. Clanton knew he was in trouble, wheeled his horse, and drew his rifle from its scabbard. Brighton yelled, "Halt!" and, "Throw up your hands!" but Clanton ignored the orders and aimed his gun at the officers. Brighton fired his rifle, drilling Clanton clear through from under his left arm.

CLANTON remained in his saddle, and Brighton shot at him again. The bullet struck Clanton's saddle and burned the inside of his leg. The wounded outlaw fell and was dead by the time Brighton and Miller reached him. The officers buried him on the Wilson ranch and rode into St. Johns, where they reported the matter.

Brighton remained in the area, and on July 8, 1887, rode with a posse hunting for some cattle which had been stolen from the San Carlos Indian Reservation. They saw a man ride out of a nearby canyon and approached him to ask directions. Brighton quickly recognized him as Lee Renfro, a former companion of Ike Clanton's, who was wanted for murder. Brighton shouted, "Lee Renfro, throw up your hands!" Renfro made a fatal mistake—he reached for his pistol. Brighton's shot bored through Renfro's heart and lungs. Renfro lived long enough to ask Brighton if the detective had killed him for "money." Brighton replied that he killed Renfro because the outlaw resisted arrest.

During the following month Brighton was appointed a special deputy United States marshal for the purpose of arresting a man named Cunningham who stole some cattle from the San Carlos Indian Reservation, a federal offense. Cunningham heard of the charge against him and before the warrant could be served he swore out a com-



HOW IT WAS DONE

Evans Deceived by a Detective.

The Successful Play of J. V. Brighton.

Some of Evans and Morrell's Sympathizers.

Program of Train Robbing and Murder Outlined—Plan of Escape. The Whole Story.

It is the prevailing opinion that Evans and Morrell, who, despite their frequent boasts of a determination to fight to the death if closely pressed, surrendered in Visalia on Monday morning, February 19th, were led into a well prepared trap. That opinion is correct. The rumors as to the identity of the persons who set and sprung the trap are partly correct. The statement that it was quickly arranged and that success was largely the result of accident, is not true.

The deception was skilfully planned, and slow but careful execution of the

Our luck was greater than we had calculated on.

"I continued to play the part of the rusty old 'hayseed,' and did all kinds of work; hoed weeds for people, worked on the streets, and accepted any kind of job that offered. Mrs. Evans occasionally hired me to do a little work about the place. One day, later in the same month, I observed actions which made me suspicious of the presence of Evans and Sontag. My wife also told me that a strange cart was in one corner of the lot among the weeds and trees. While working about outside the fence there were two pickets, loose at the bottom, which I pushed aside that I might look through when stooping over. Near the barn I broke the top off two pickets in order to get a better view of the house from that quarter. While working about I picked up an old buggy-box and placed it against the fence. Thinking the two men would probably leave that night, I took my Winchester rifle about 9 o'clock and got down behind the box and waited until 3 A. M. for them to appear. They did not come out. I thought then that they would stay another day, and went back to the house and to bed. I learned afterward that they left about half past three or four o'clock that morning.

"I gradually became well established in the good graces of Mrs. Evans and believed that the time had come when I could reach Chris through her. I often expressed admiration for his bravery. She was willing to talk of him and boasted of his courage and marksmanship. She said that every time Chris' gun cracked a yellow dog howled. One day my wife said to her confidentially that she understood what her feelings were in having a husband away from home pursued by officers and blood-money hunters. She said I was growing old and she hoped I would not again be placed in that position, and as a favor asked Mrs. Evans to tell her husband

Author's Collection

J.V. Brighton's successful detective work, which resulted in the arrests of Chris Evans and Ed Morrell, made the front page of the Visalia *Daily Delta* on February 22, 1894.

Just after daylight the lawmen and Wilson sat down to breakfast. At that moment they heard someone ride a horse into the yard. Brighton picked up his rifle and stepped to the door; Miller moved to his side, gun drawn.

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Clanton

plaint against Brighton for murdering Clanton. He claimed that Brighton was not a peace officer when he shot Clanton, but was a gunman hired by the cattlemen's association and had no authority to arrest or shoot the suspected cowthief. Brighton was arrested but did not stand trial on the charge, and Cunningham was arrested by other officers.

JONAS BRIGHTON'S childhood was typical for a person of his era. He was born to Samuel and Sarah Mills Brighton February 15, 1847, in Portland, Indiana. While he was still a child, the family moved to Hittle, Illinois, where Brighton finished his schooling.

Brighton joined the army during the Civil War, enlisting for three years service on December 1, 1863, as a private in Company H, 115th Illinois Infantry Regiment. During January 1864 he and his company were mustered into federal service and sent to Tennessee.

In July the regiment faced Confederate defenses north of Dalton, Georgia. Rebels captured Brighton during the battle of Tunnel Hill, July 19, 1864. He later claimed that he was confined at Andersonville prison; however, his service records indicate that he was held at Larkinville, Georgia, and Florence and Charleston, South Carolina. Brighton was paroled from Charleston on December 16, 1864, and released at the Maryland-Virginia border on December 23, 1864. He reported to Camp Parole in Maryland the following day.

When admitted to the parole camp, Private Brighton was in poor physical condition, and was furloughed home for recuperation. At the end of thirty days he was to report to Camp Chase, Ohio; however, he was still ill and received an additional thirty days furlough on a "medical certificate." He reported as ordered on February 20, 1865. Still in a weakened condition, Brighton served with the Provost Marshal in Columbus, Ohio, from April 2, 1865, until transferred to his regiment at Camp Clark, Tennessee, on June 11, 1865.

On June 28, 1865, Brighton earned promotion to corporal and was transferred to Company A, Twenty-first Illinois Infantry Regiment. By December he was doing garrison duty in Green Lake, Texas. During these last months of service he suffered from recurring bouts of fever and illnesses resulting from his time in the prisoner-of-war camps. He was mustered out of the army at San Antonio, Texas, on December 16, 1865.

After his arduous Civil War service, Brighton took land and farmed at Kill Creek in Osborn County, Kansas. Putting his life in order, he married Matilda Bronscome on July 4, 1867. They had two sons, Harry D., born June 4, 1869, and Edgar D., born June 27, 1871. However, the tranquility of the Brighton home was destroyed when a tornado struck Kill Creek; on August 18, 1876, Matilda died from injuries she suffered in the storm. After some years of being a single parent, Brighton married Mary Jane Jackson, nee Whitaker, in Wichita on May 4, 1884.

Arizona State Historical Society

Ike Clanton is well-known for his participation in the Earp-Clanton feud at Tombstone, Arizona, in 1880–1881. It is not so well-known that J.V. Brighton shot and killed him in Apache County, Arizona, on June 1, 1887.

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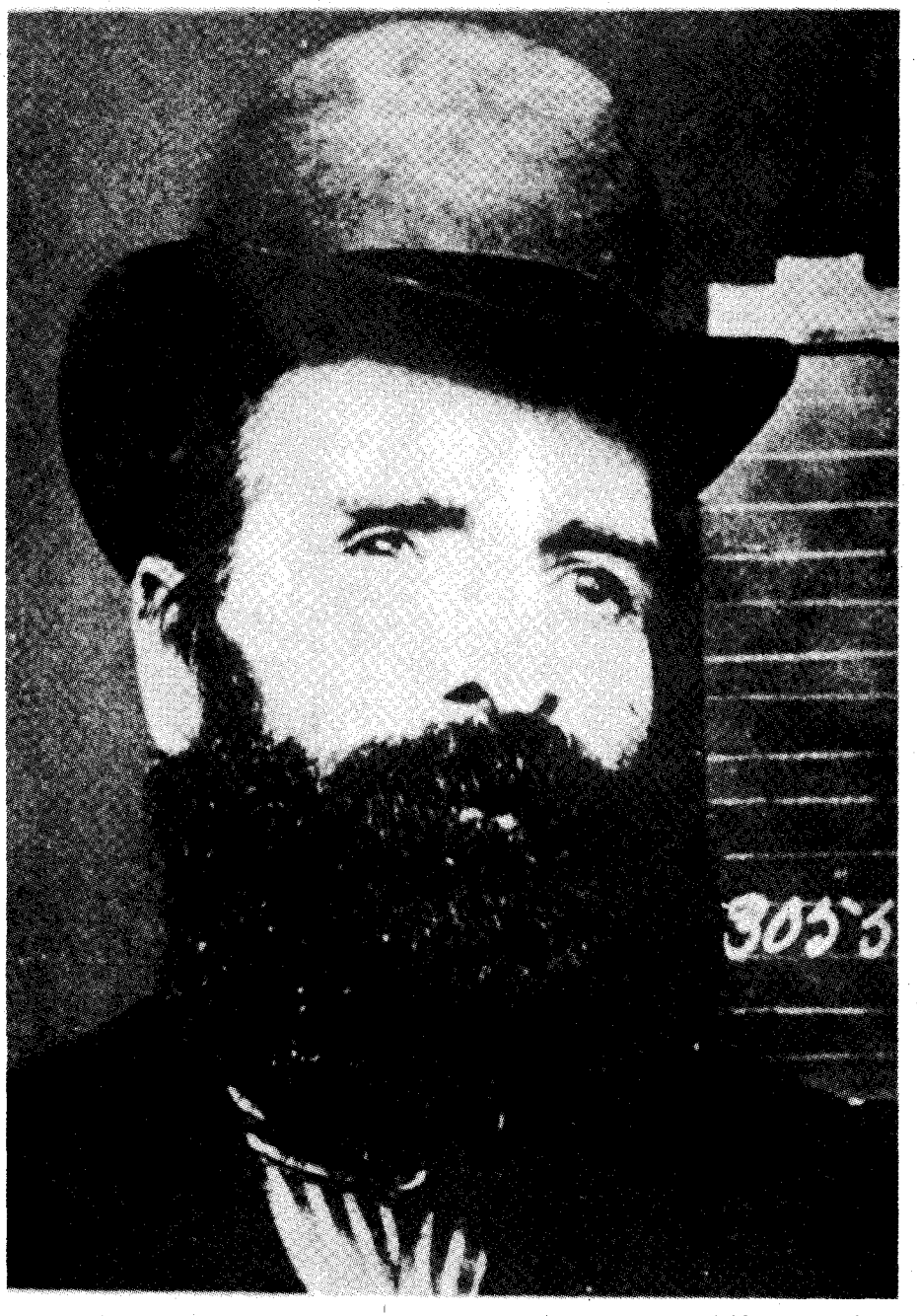

California State Library

Chris Evans was California's premier outlaw when J.V. Brighton trapped him for frustrated law enforcement officers.

It remains a mystery when, where, and how Brighton became a detective. Whether he was a "correspondence school detective," he was a good investigator and followed the profession the remainder of his working life.

Brighton was next heard from on the Arizona-New Mexico border working as a stock detective, hunting Ike Clanton. Brighton was a shrewd operator. A man of nondescript appearance, he drifted into his target area with his wife and children, and in many cases, with his own name. He took common jobs, and he often frequented saloons. He complained about the difficulties of his work and about his poor health. With this approach, Brighton quickly gained the confidence of the malcontents of the community—even those he was investigating. He was a battle-hardened war veteran and could, and would, shoot fast and straight when he felt it necessary, as evidenced in the cases of Ike Clanton and Lee Renfro. However, it seems that those were his only killings during a long career of undercover work.

During 1892, Jonas Brighton was employed by the huge Miller and Lux land company on its Santa Rita Ranch in western Merced County, California. Miller and Lux had vast holdings along the west side of the San Joaquin Valley from Merced to Kern counties. Although there was extensive farming, most of the property was devoted to stock grazing. Brighton may have been a company detective or a regular employee, but in any event he was injured on the job during April of that year.

Just after daylight one morning he rode a horse while leading teams of horses from the stables to the fields. His mount stepped in a hole and fell with him. The horse got up and ran away; however, Brighton was left on the ground with a shattered leg and injuries to his bladder and kidneys. Alvin Best, a fellow employee and long-time friend of Brighton, was with him. Best and another friend, H.G. Ditzen, who happened to be hunting nearby, hauled Brighton some fourteen miles into Los Banos where a Dr. Wade treated him. Best and Ditzen returned Brighton to the ranch, where he spent some weeks recuperating.

DURING HIS recovery Brighton operated on levels far different from those of a stock detective. He investigated the marital discord of Edward Palmer, a San Francisco saloon keeper, which culminated in a successful divorce proceeding by Palmer. Brighton also investigated matters which resulted in disbarment proceedings against San Francisco attorney Ben F. Napthaly. Brighton testified in the hearing; however, it is not known if the attorney was actually disbarred. The February 22, 1894, San Francisco *Morning Call* reported those incidents as occurring in 1893, and further stated that "Brighton's career was not unknown to residents of San Francisco." However, Jonas Brighton's most challenging and dangerous assignment as an undercover agent was still before him.

From February 22, 1889, to August 3, 1892, a series of four train robberies occurred along the Southern Pacific line from Ceres in the north to Tulare County in the south. These robberies would ultimately involve Brighton.

Railroad and express company officials, as well as lawmen, determined that George Sontag, of Visalia, was one of the bandits. On August 5, 1892, he was arrested. Sontag was ultimately convicted of train robbery and sentenced to life in California's Folsom prison.

Immediately after Sontag's arrest, railroad detective Will Smith and Tulare County Deputy Sheriff George Witty went to the Visalia home of Christopher Evans to get George Sontag's trunk

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with his personal belongings and to talk to George's brother, John. The officers met gunfire and both were wounded. Officers now knew that Evans and John Sontag were also in on the train robberies. Later that night, Deputy Sheriff Oscar Beaver died in another fight between the officers and the bandits.

Evans and John Sontag hid in the Sierra Nevada of Fresno and Tulare counties, and in an engagement between them and a posse on September 13, 1892, Southern Pacific railroad detective Vic Wilson and posseman Andrew McGinnis were killed. Evans and Sontag disappeared and lawmen, company officers, and bounty-hunters failed to find them. Finally, federal charges dealing with the United States mail were lodged against Evans and Sontag, an act which brought Los Angeles-based United States Marshal George Gard into the hunt.

Gard was not impressed with the performance of the local peace officers, and without informing them of his intentions he put a four-man posse in the field to find and apprehend the outlaws. He also needed a trusted agent, unknown to all others, in the Evans home or neighborhood. He turned to Jonas V. Brighton. Brighton was to infiltrate Evans and Sontag's inner circle to find convicting evidence against them and to help apprehend the fugitives.

California State Archives

Ex-convict Ed Morrell helped Chris Evans break out of the Fresno jail. He was also snared in the net that J.V. Brighton set for Evans.

BRIGHTON'S mission was a precarious one and fraught with personal danger. On several occasions Evans made it clear that he held no animosity for sworn peace officers who were trying to arrest him; however, he would not hesitate to kill "blood-hunting" company officers and detectives. Evans and Sontag had already shot and killed three innocent people during their train robberies and three possemen who were trying to arrest them. In addition, they had wounded four possemen. Evans' feelings against detectives were strong enough that on April 29, 1893, he and John Sontag stopped the Visalia-Sequoia Mills stagecoach near the mountain village of Camp Badger, hoping to find detective Will Smith on board so they could kill him. Evans' threats against detectives were serious.

Brighton, his wife Mary, and their three-year-old daughter Nellie Bly quietly moved into Visalia and rented the vacant Evans home. At that time, the Evans children were living with their maternal grandmother next door while Mrs. Evans and her oldest daughter, Eva, spent most of their time as actors on the theater circuit in a play telling "the real truth of the train robberies and the hunt for Evans and Sontag." Brighton took odd jobs and at times worked for a Visalia planing mill. Mary Brighton more and more looked after the Evans children. Within a short time, the Brightons had the confidence of the Evans family.

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On June 11, 1893, Gard's posse ambushed Evans and Sontag in northern Tulare County, sparking a sharp gunfight. A posseman was wounded and both outlaws were hit, John Sontag mortally. Chris Evans surrendered the following day. While Evans remained in the Fresno County Jail and stood trial for the murder of Vic Wilson, Brighton remained on his assignment trying to gather evidence against Evans in the train robberies and recover the loot.

Meanwhile, Eva Evans found a willing conspirator to help her father out of jail. Ed Morrell was a waiter at a Fresno restaurant; he was also an ex-convict

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from San Quentin and held a high regard for Chris Evans. He delivered Evans' meals into the jail daily; when Eva Evans approached Morrell to carry a pistol into the jail on Evans' dinner tray, he agreed. On the night of December 28, Morrell, right on schedule, delivered Evans his dinner. The lax jailer failed to see the revolver Morrell smuggled in on the tray. Evans aimed the weapon at the guard, who freed him. Evans and Morrell ran for it; however, they met Fresno City Marshal John D. Morgan, who tried to stop them. Evans shot Morgan in the shoulder and escaped.

Evans and Morrell hid in the Sierra Nevada through January and most of February 1894. The mountains were winter-bound and lawmen were not moving there much. Although Marshal Gard was anxious to recapture Evans, he was hesitant to put posses in the field. He resorted to subterfuge and made a plan around his agent already in the field.

When the time appeared right Brighton sent word to Chris Evans through Evans' trusted friend, William Downing, that Evans' youngest son, Carl, was critically ill. If the outlaw wanted to see the boy while he was still alive, Evans had better come home at once. Of course, the lad was not ill, but Brighton convinced Downing that he was, and without reservations Downing delivered the message.

Evans responded. He and Ed Morrell arrived at the Evans home late February 17, 1894. Evans' children were in bed. Brighton, Mary, Evans' mother-in-law, Isabella Byrd, and her sons, George and Ed, were also in the home when the outlaws arrived. As soon as Evans saw that his son was healthy he knew he had been betrayed; however, he suspected his brother-in-law, George Byrd, for the perfidy. Mrs. Byrd and Mary Brighton talked him out of shooting George Byrd then and there.

Everyone remained in the house while Evans sent Brighton downtown to get the mail and a bottle of whiskey. Brighton picked up the mail, got the whiskey, and wired Marshal Gard in Los Angeles that the trap had been sprung; Evans was home. Gard took the next train to Visalia, arriving there on February 18.

Marshal Gard and Tulare County Sheriff Eugene Kay organized a posse, and before daybreak they surrounded the Evans home. On Sunday morning, February 19, Brighton stepped out of the house and walked to the barn. An armed officer confronted him, and Brighton realized the house was surrounded and everyone inside was in danger. Without protest from the officer in the barn, Brighton calmly walked back into the house, informed his wife of the situation, and told her to "keep cool." About 8:30 a.m., Evans asked Brighton to go downtown and get some medicine for his sinus troubles. Brighton was also to look around and see if there were any officers in sight. Brighton went downtown and advised Gard and Kay of the situation in the Evans home. As a cover, Gard arrested Brighton and held him in a hotel room.

Marshal Gard and Tulare County Sheriff Eugene Kay organized a posse, and before dawn they surrounded the Evans home. On Sunday morning, February 19, Brighton stepped out of the house and walked to the barn. An armed officer confronted him, and Brighton realized that everyone inside the house was in danger.

Gard had a boy deliver a note to the Evans home which stated: "Mrs. J.V. Brighton: I have just locked up your husband. We know that Evans, Morrell and Byrd are in your house, and we propose to take them. You must leave the house with the children at once. Marshal Gard." For over an hour the officers surrounding the house waited for a reply to Gard's note while a hostile crowd gathered around the Evans home.

WHEN THE NOTE was read in the house Morrell felt that Brighton betrayed them, and he cursed and shoved Mrs. Brighton around some; however, Evans restrained them, for he thought the betrayer was George Byrd. Morrell wanted to shoot it out, but Evans was tired and knew the game was up. He sat in a chair and waited.

Sheriff Kay sent Walter Beeson to the Evans door with a note: "Chris Evans: Surrender and we will protect you. If not, we will take you anyway. E.W. Kay." Evans sent one of his sons out to Kay with a note: "Sheriff Kay; Dear Sir: Come into the house. I want to talk to you. I will not harm you. My little boy will come with you. Chris Evans." Sheriff Kay returned a note: "Mr. Evans—You have a chance to surrender now without being hurt. If you give up to me I will protect you and let the law take its course. I will disperse this mob if you say so and meet you. Answer. E.W. Kay." Chris Evans responded: "Sheriff Kay—Dear Sir: send the crowd away and bring [undersheriff] Will Hall with you to the gate and then we will talk. I will not harm you. You are the Sheriff of this county and I am willing to make terms with you, but no one else. I will step out on the porch when you come to the gate. Yours, Chris Evans."

Kay and his undersheriff were fine officers, and Evans trusted both men. They walked up to the porch after dispersing the crowd, and Evans and Morrell met them, shook hands, and surrendered. With his patience and tact, Kay averted a bloody shootout and arrested Evans without trouble.

At the time Evans surrendered he was California's premier outlaw and most wanted fugitive. Jonas V. Brighton patiently set the trap for him, baited it, and sprang it. Both Evans and Morrell were sentenced to life in prison and eventually paroled.

AFTER EVANS and Morrell surrendered, Brighton was released from custody and the part he and his wife played in the capture of Evans made the newspapers. However, Brighton had little time to rest. Marshal Gard had another assignment for him. During the time Brighton worked on the Evans case, two train robberies occurred in the San Fernando Valley just north of Los Angeles at Roscoe Station. Lawmen suspected John Comstock, Pat Fitzsimmons, and Walker Horne, locals who lived in the nearby Little Tujunga Canyon, of being the bandits. However, the evidence against them was insufficient for arrests and further investigation was needed. Brighton unobtrusively moved into the canyon and infiltrated the suspects' group. In a short time the men made self-incriminating remarks to Brighton, but there was more work to be done. E.L. Brown, seeking rewards in the case, prematurely swore complaints against the suspects and had them arrested. Trials were held but the evidence was not sufficient for conviction. Comstock, Fitzsimmons, and Horne were acquitted. Later, their friends Alva Johnson and Kid Thompson were convicted of the robberies and sentenced to prison.

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Thereafter, Brighton receded from public view. On June 15, 1900, the census enumerator found him and his family residing in the city of Los Angeles, and the fifty-three-year-old Brighton gave his occupation as "detective." In 1910, he and his wife lived in the Orange County town of Buena Park. His health was failing and he applied for a pension on his Civil War service; however, he was still working. In 1915 he was in the Riverside County community of Prado. Presumably, he was still employed as a private investigator.

ON JUNE 10, 1918, Mary Brighton died; Brighton married Minerva Springer, nee Gray, in Los Angeles on November 29, 1918. By that time Brighton's health was poor, and he lived near the veteran's hospital in the west Los Angeles community of Sawtelle. On July 16, 1926, the old soldier got a $72 per month pension, and in May 1928 it went to $90; however, by this time Brighton's health was gone. At the age of eighty, he died in the soldiers' home in Sawtelle. He was buried September 13, 1928, the same day of his death, in the Los Angeles national cemetery. His funeral was conducted under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, a Civil War Union veterans' organization.

J.V. Brighton may have been a correspondence-school detective as was so often stated. The source of that information seems to be an interview noted western researcher and author J. Evetts Haley had with frontier lawman Jeff Milton in his later years. During the interview, Milton stated that he was approached by a "rough old boy named J.V. Brighton" in St. Johns, Arizona, one day. Brighton offered to buy Milton a drink and talk. They adjourned to a saloon, and while they were enjoying their refreshments Brighton showed Milton a badge he had ordered and told the lawman that he had completed a detective course through a correspondence school.

Brighton went on to say that there were a "lot of bad men around here, and I am going out and get them." Milton was skeptical of Brighton and his remarks, but subsequent events such as the killings of Clanton and Renfro and the trapping of Chris Evans proved Brighton right. As Milton said of Brighton, "It was all business with him."

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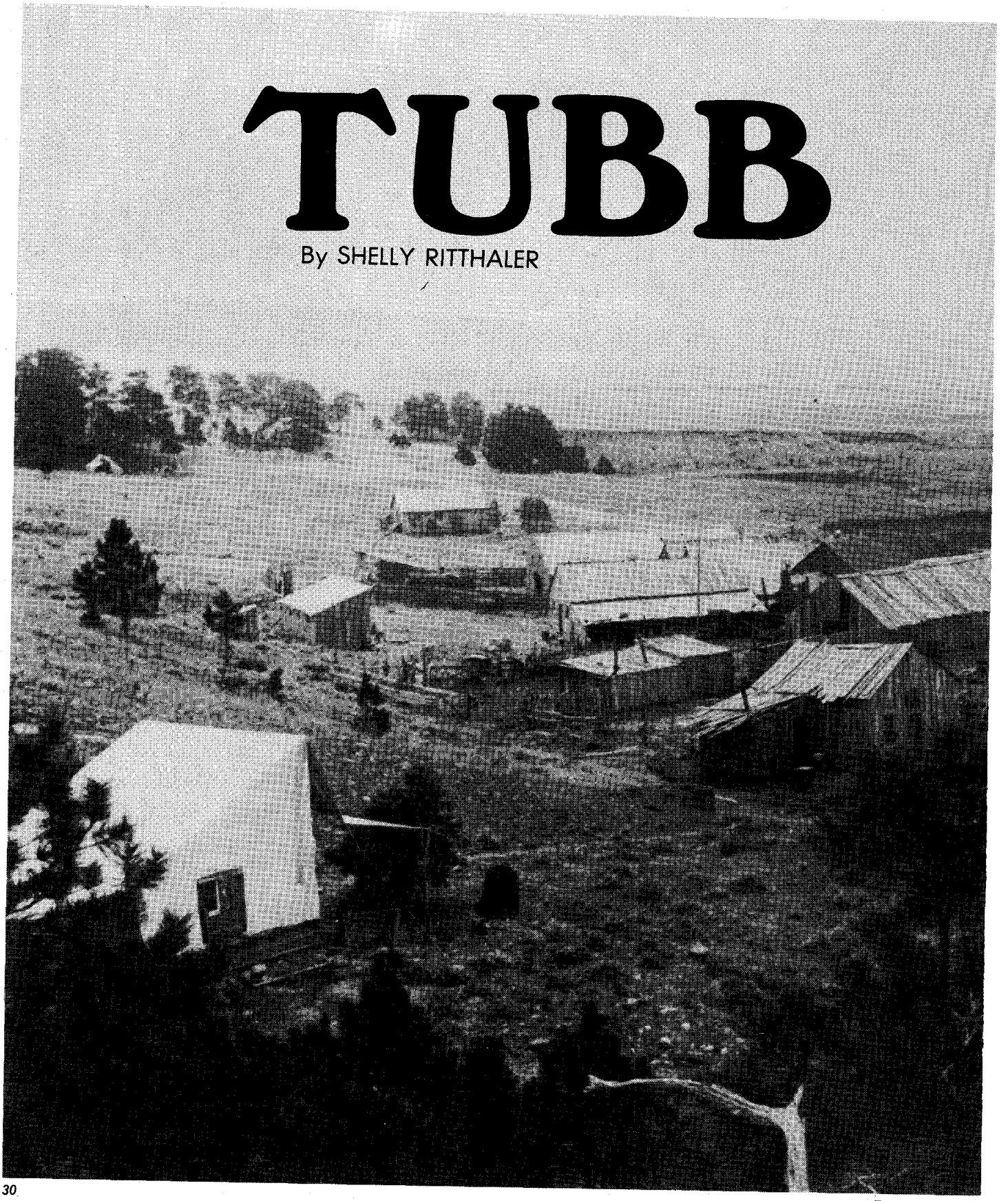
TUBB

By SHELLY RITTHALER

Deloss Tubbs was a man of vision. He knew that expanding railroad construction in the West offered any man with dreams of building an empire the opportunity to do so. Acting on a reliable rumor in the spring of 1889, Tubbs, of Custer, South Dakota, went to the banks of Salt Creek near present-day Newcastle in northeastern Wyoming. He had heard that a railroad being built northwest from Edgemont, South Dakota, would soon cross there. Deloss Tubbs planned to have a city ready and waiting when the railroad and its crews arrived.

Tubbs staked out lots on an oil placer mining claim held by Frank G. Field, also of Custer County, South Dakota.



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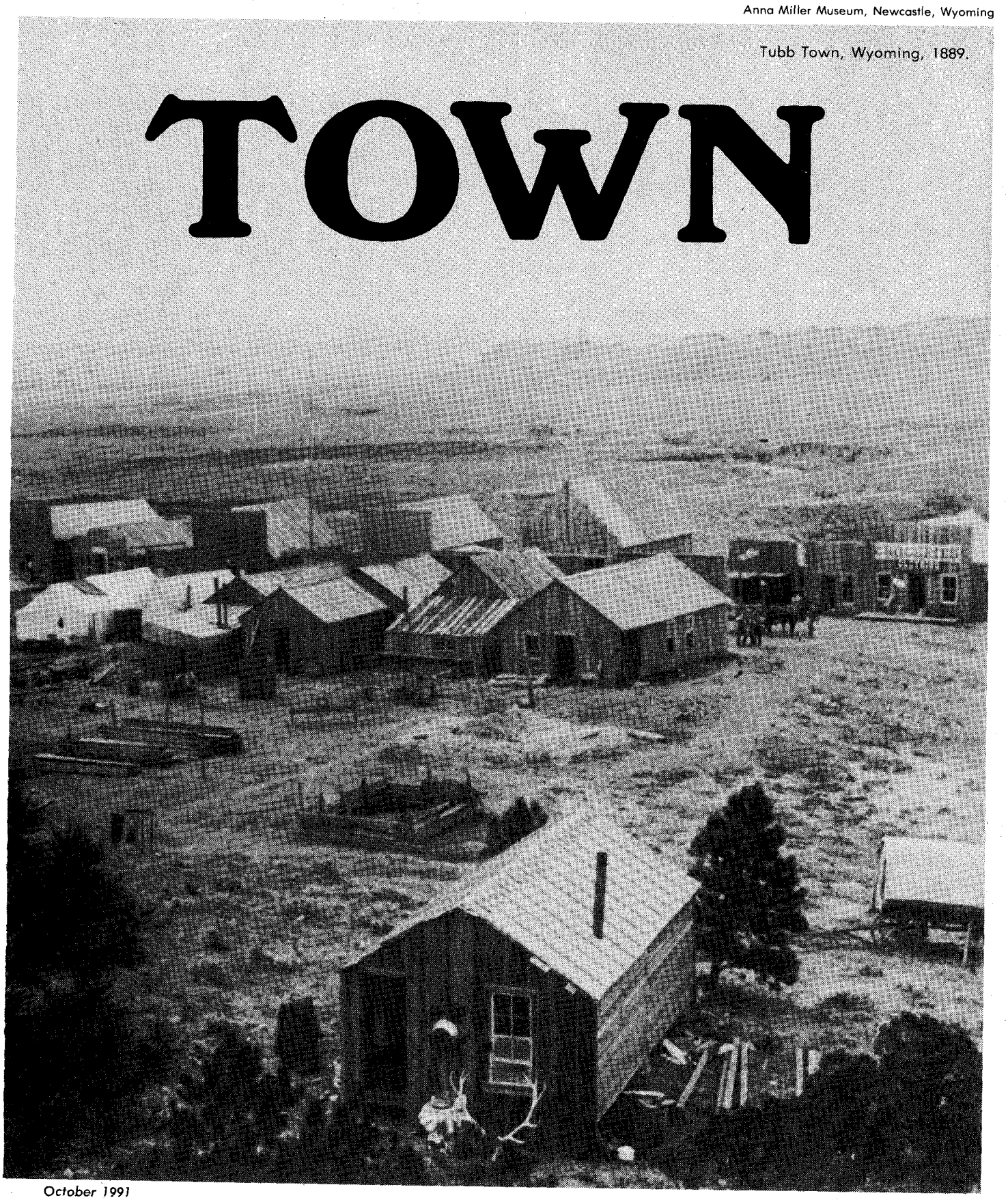
He planned to name his new town Field City, after the claim owner, but for some reason the name never caught on—it was simply called Tubb Town after its founder.

When Tubbs had the town laid out, he went to a sawmill, ordered enough lumber to build a store, then went back to Custer. He returned with nails and a wagon load of merchandise, including tobacco, overalls, coffee, bacon, matches, flour, and other foodstuffs. It didn't take long to construct a sixteen-by-twenty-foot wooden store.

Soon after Tubbs opened his store, other buildings were under construction. F.A. Curran set up a bar, then built a saloon around it. Another general

Anna Miller Museum, Newcastle, Wyoming



Tubb Town, Wyoming, 1889.

TOWN

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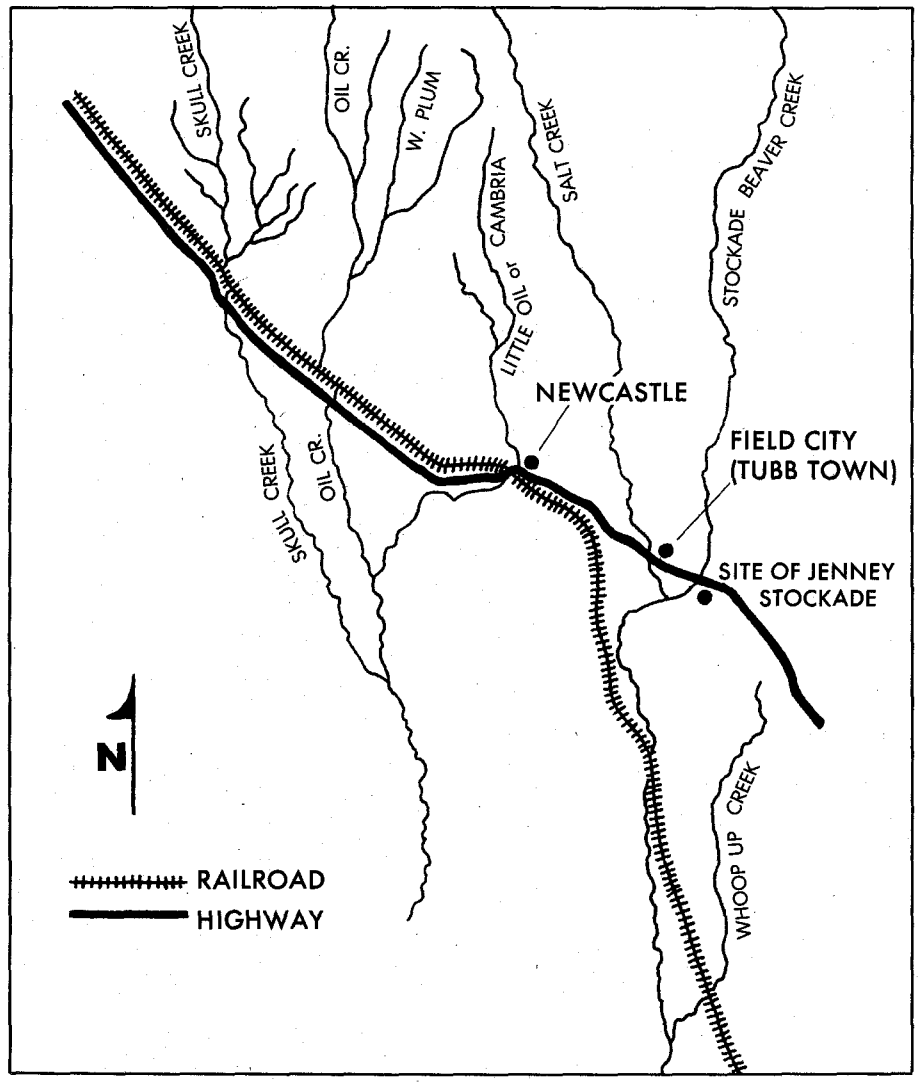

store and a dance hall followed. By July 4, Tubb Town had nearly every type of business. There were three saloons, gambling halls, dance halls, and two restaurants. There was also a milkman and a Chinese laundry.

All the town needed was a newspaper; it soon followed. Frank Nelson, who was working for the *Sundance Gazette* in Sundance, Wyoming, a town about fifty miles away, was hired by a Judge Stotts to go to Tubb Town and start the *Stockade Journal.* He took with him only a cigar box full of type and a small, hand-operated press. Frank became the printer, layout man, and ad man; his little sister Sheila worked as his printer's devil.

Tubb Town was a true frontier town. One of the first ordinances town leaders passed was a toll law which stated, "No one shall pass through without paying sufficient toll to set 'em up for the bunch." This law, along with the town's motto, "If you don't like us, move on," were posted on the mirrors in the saloons.

Most people did move on—Tubb Town was a transient town. Cowboys at surrounding ranches came and went, and gold miners, railroad workers, freight drivers, and bull whackers moved in and out of or passed through the little town.

In what might be an apocryphal tale, Tubb Town boasted a visit from Calamity Jane. It was in the spring of 1889 and May Nelson had just turned sixteen. She remembered the day because it was the first time she ever saw Calamity Jane. The family had driven to Tubb Town with their ox team and May and her mother went into the store to do some shopping. The clerk, a huge, fat man, was sleeping on a pile of pillows. He snorted awake and scrambled down to wait on them.

While May and her mother shopped, a large ox team pulled in front of the store. A whisper went around that Calamity Jane was there. May looked out the door and watched as Jane climbed down from her freight wagon. She was dressed in a brown flared skirt, heavy laced shoes, a buckskin hunting jacket, and a man's felt hat.

When Jane entered the store, May hid behind her mother, as she was frightened at the thought of seeing Calamity Jane in person. May had always heard that Jane was mannish in manner and voice and was surprised that she didn't appear to be masculine. Instead, she was of medium height, rawboned with large hands, and had skin so tanned that it looked like leather.

Jane spotted a bolt of bright pink, china silk cloth and exclaimed, "My, how pretty that would be for a wrapper!" She bought fifteen yards and explained to the clerk and a gathering audience how she was going to have it made into a wrapper with Watteau pleats in the back. After her purchase was wrapped, Jane returned to her wagon seat, cracked her long bullwhip, and the oxen slowly continued on their ponderous way down the road.

TUBB TOWN quickly became used to the freighters and other people that passed through on their way to and from the Black Hills and Cheyenne. The town was a busy, bustling, raunchy place, but the locals did not care. In later years, it would come to be referred to as "Satan's Toadstool of Prairie Dog Flats."

With the mostly transient male population, it didn't take long for the "girls" to show up and settle into business. Thirty or forty sporting women lived around the saloons. There was Big Maude, Old Humpy, Jimmy the Tough, and others. Jimmy the Tough was pretty, reckless, and wild. Once, she was seen running from a saloon half-dressed in a chemise. She leaped onto the back of a bronc that belonged to some cowboy, raced around through the timber, then returned to the saloon.

On the heels of the rowdy crowd, came the honest-to-goodness settlers, their wagons loaded with the accouterments of permanence. Three of the first families to arrive were the A.M. Nelsons, the McLaughlins, and the Hersham Whites. They were respectable, clean-living folks who could not abide the town's lifestyle. They settled and built their homes across the creek away from Main Street, which, according to the women, was no fit place for children.

The new settlers found, besides the bawdy lifestyle, a few other discomforts. For one, with all the building going on, lumber was in short supply. Each time the lumber wagon pulled into town, an auction was held with the load going to the highest bidder. The families had to wait to get supplies to build their new homes.

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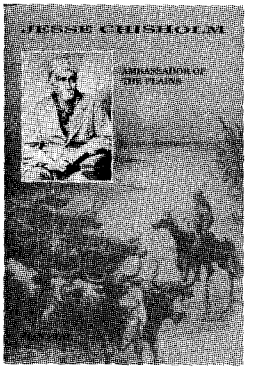

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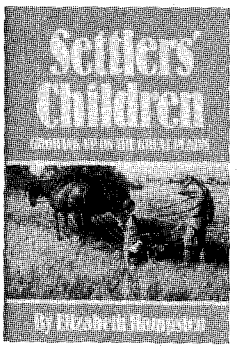

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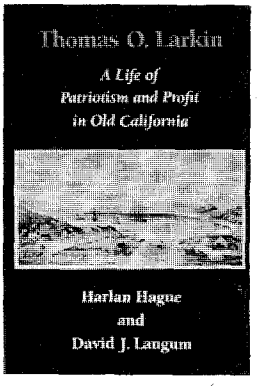

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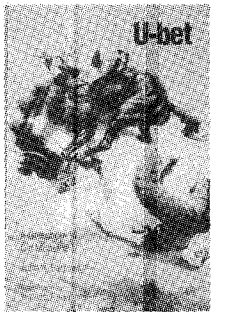

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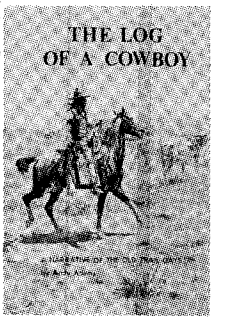

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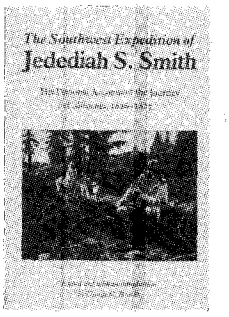

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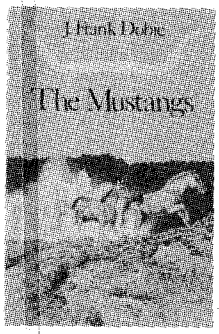

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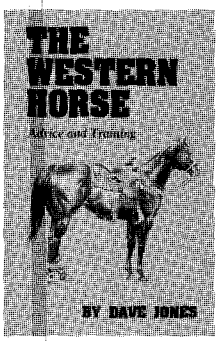

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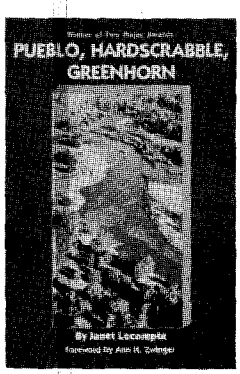

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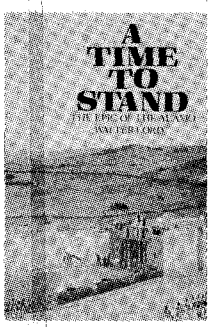

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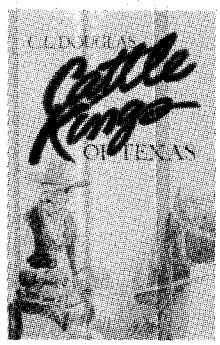

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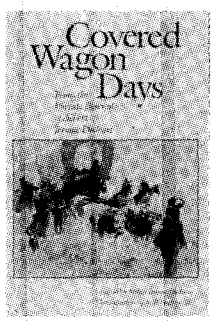

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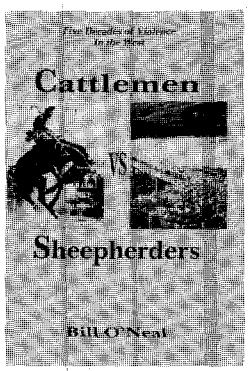

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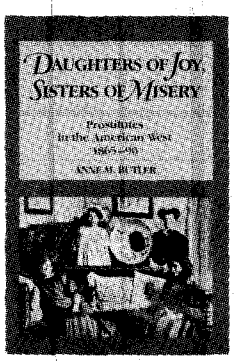

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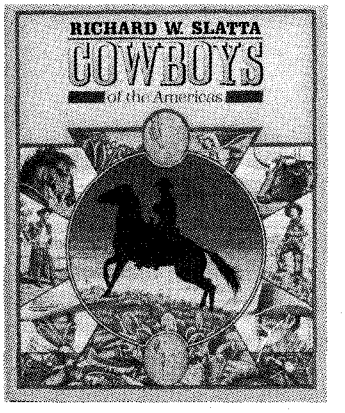

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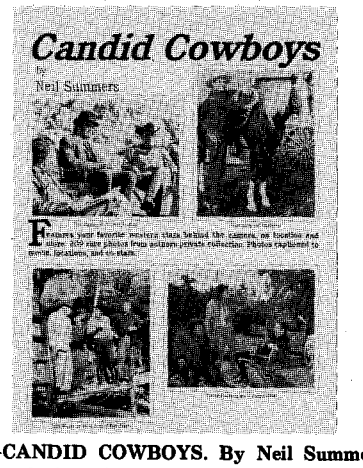

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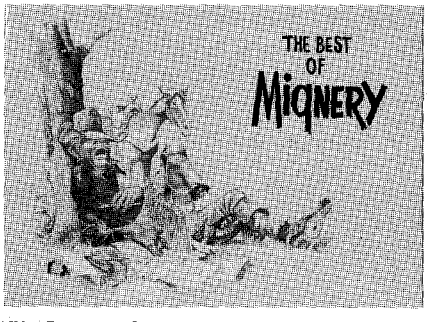

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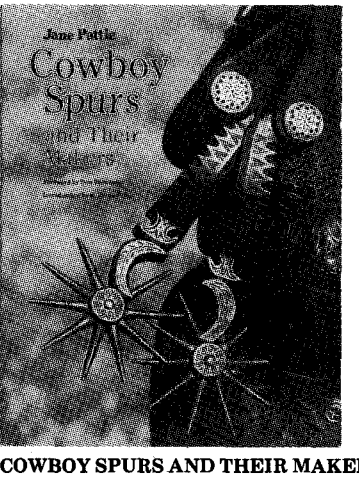

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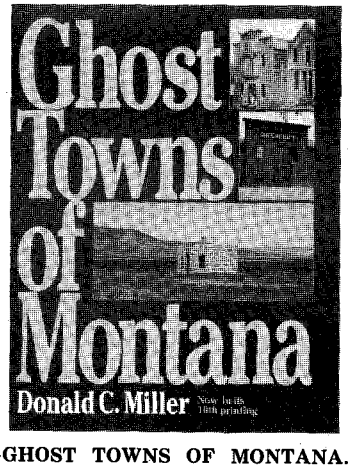

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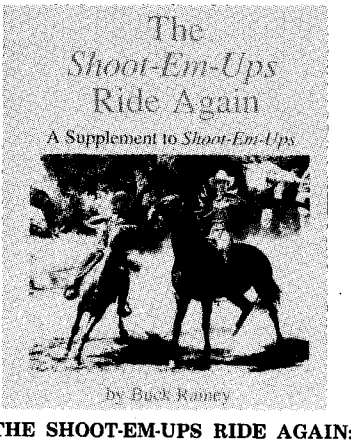

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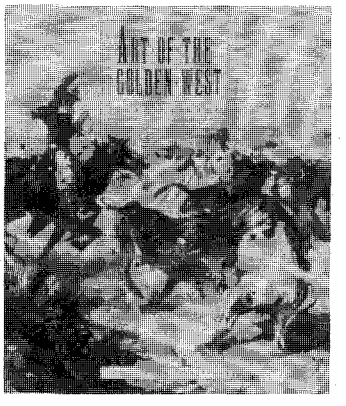

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Water was another problem. The creek was made up of equal parts water, alkali, and epsom salts. You didn't drink it without paying your dues in the local privy that Tubbs owned to capitalize on Tubb Town's transient element. Like most empire builders, Tubbs covered his bases. Along with his stores, privy, and other business interests, he owned a water business. A wagon fixed up with four barrels hauled water from the Stockade Beaver Creek, and Tubbs sold the water to the residents.

While the creek water was unfit for drinking, it made a marvelous swimming hole, which the "girls" from town used many times. The water provided not only a refreshing bath but an education of sorts for the respectable settlers' children who would sneak up and have a peek. Sometimes the bathing got pretty exciting if some of the local cowboys discovered the girls. They would ride off with the girls' clothing, carrying them like banners in the breeze as they whooped and hollered through town. The girls would then have to try to slip into town the back way with a piece of sagebrush to cover whatever they could.

It's no wonder the settlers began to push for the establishment of a Sunday school to counteract the education their children were getting on the banks of Salt Creek and Main Street. The Sunday that Reverend Curren arrived was a joyful occasion. The neighbors gathered for prayer and sharing of the gospel, and before the day was over, started a collection toward the building of a church. The preacher also performed a few wedding ceremonies; it was as if Tubb Town's establishment was complete.

Deloss Tubbs could take pride in the fact that his little empire was finally on a firm foundation. Then, after Tubb Town had been on the map just two months, the railroad announced a change in its planned route. Coal had been discovered in Fuller Canyon, and the route was changed so the rails would be closer to that site. The railroad would miss Tubb Town by about six miles.

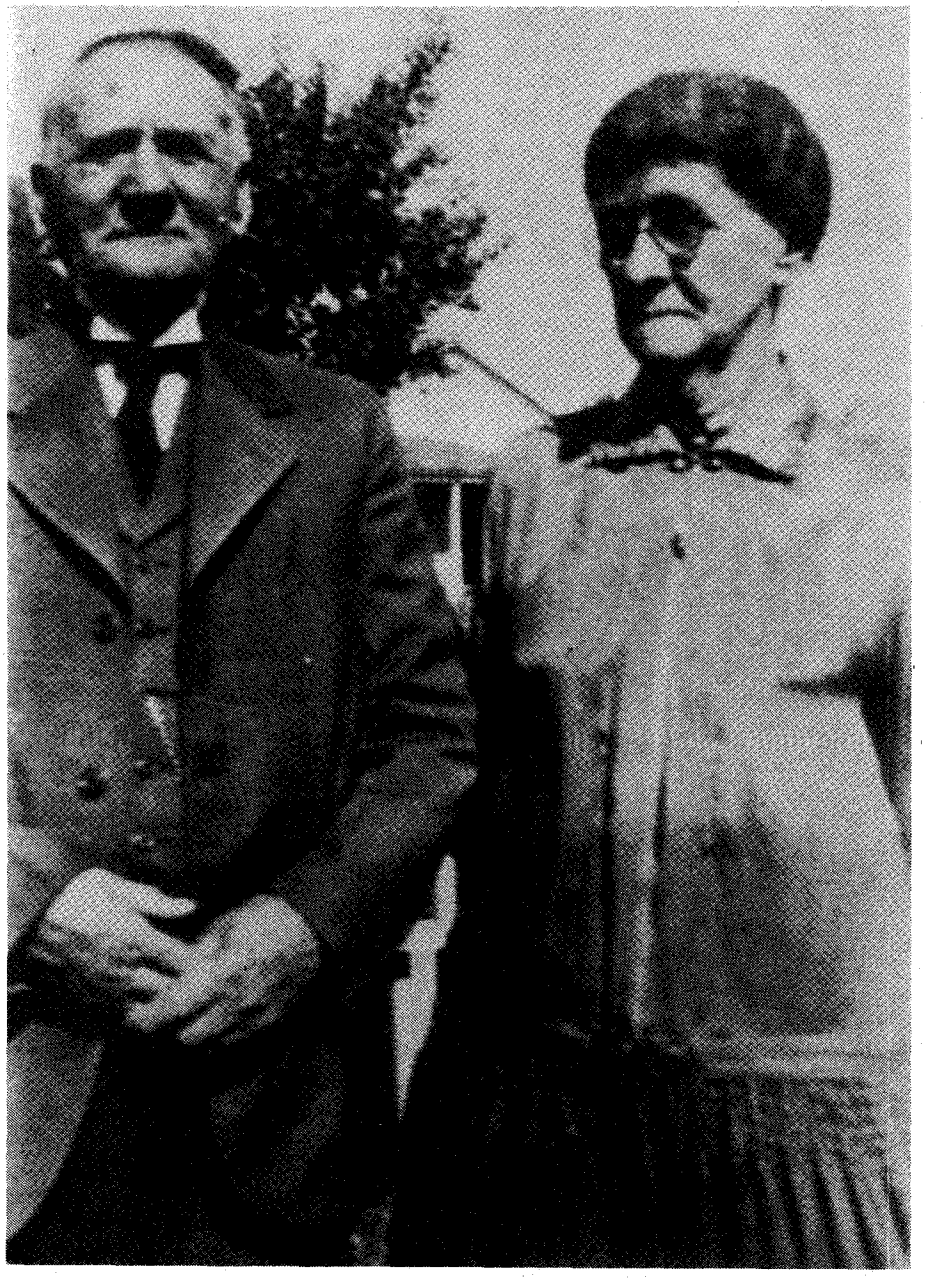
The second—and last—edition of the *Stockade Journal* was published. It may have announced the sale of lots at the junction of the railroad with the Cambria Spur railroad near the present-day site of Newcastle.

ON SEPTEMBER 10, 1889, lots went on sale in Newcastle, and Tubb Town was finished. The whole town began to dismantle. Homes were taken apart, moved, and reassembled in Newcastle. One saloon owner tore off his store's front, loaded the bar and the back bar on the running gears of a wagon, and headed for the new location. The bartender served drinks to those he passed all along the way. When the bar arrived at Newcastle and was unloaded, blocked, and leveled, the bartender proudly announced that not one glass had been broken or cracked, and not one drop spilled during the move.

During Tubb Town's short history, the bullets flew, but no one was ever killed. One baby was born, and there were a few marriages. Businesses never closed, day or night. The town never experienced an economic or growth slump. It just packed up and moved. Within forty-eight hours of the announcement of the sale of lots in Newcastle, the town was gone. Deloss Tubbs' dream became an empire-builder's nightmare. His little town just disappeared before his eyes.

But Tubbs was not one to quit with the failure of his dream. When Tubb Town was no more, Tubbs returned to Custer, where he went on to serve as chairman of the Democratic party and was a thirty-second-degree Mason, an active Methodist, and a successful farmer and rancher.

Today, cows graze on the land that once was Tubb Town. They are oblivious to the dream that once lived there and died.



Anna Miller Museum, Newcastle, Wyoming

Deloss Tubbs and his sister, Rose Bard.

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Mirages on the Great Plains were strikingly different than most mirages seen today. The vast emptiness of the central and southern plains seemed to have an uncanny ability to produce mystic and wondrous mirages—mirages that have faded away with the plowing and planting of the plains.

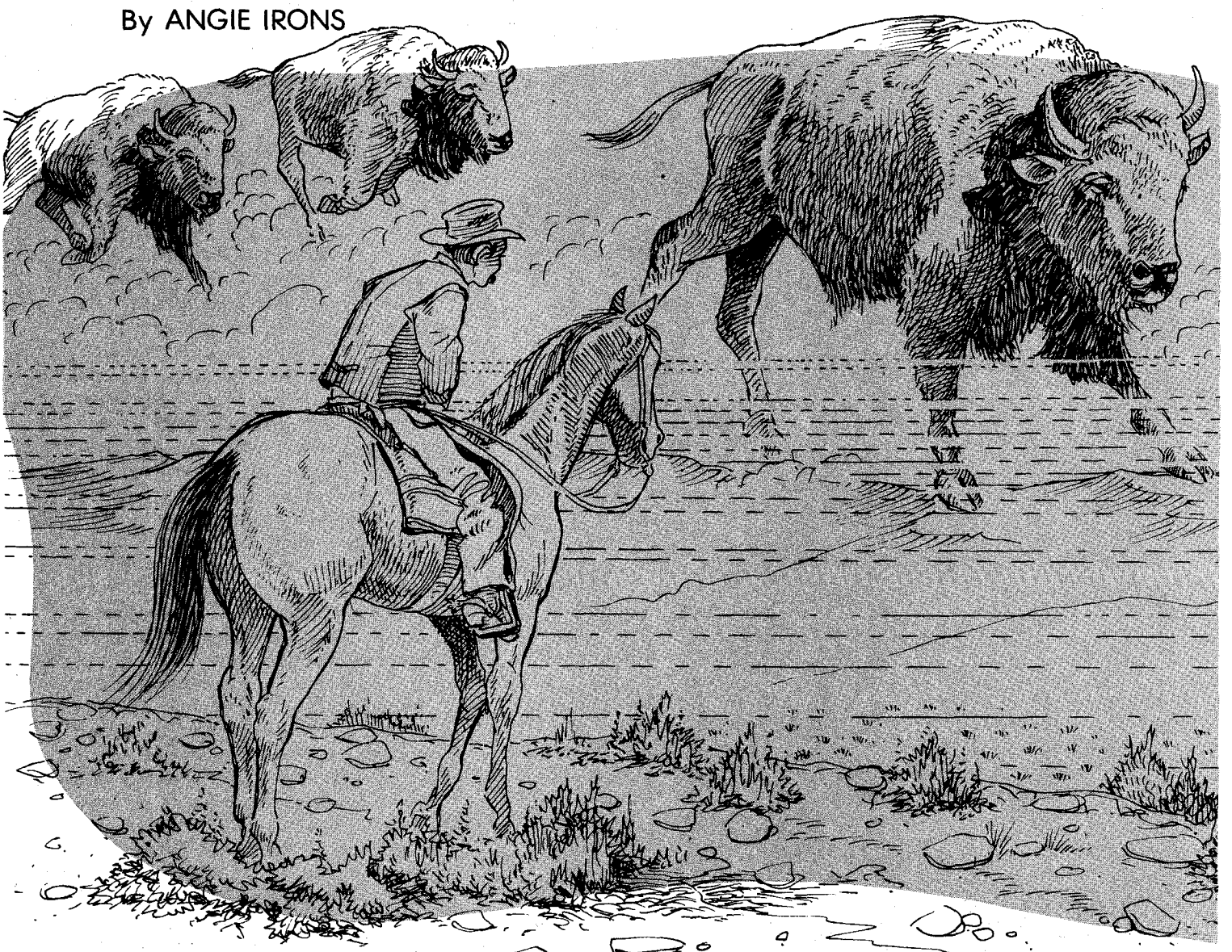
Nothing about plains mirages was ordinary. They left vivid impressions on Indians, frontiersmen, pioneers, and settlers alike. Men and women wrote about them in their diaries and journals. Indians depicted them on their tepees and in their yearly calendars. Newspapers carried stories about them right up to the time of their disappearance. Yet none of the chroniclers could explain them.

Early mirages could shift size and distance. Wild horses grazing in a far away field could suddenly seem forty-feet tall. Buffalo running along the skyline could abruptly appear to become monsters of gigantic and frightening proportions. Buildings miles away might triple their normal size and appear close enough to touch.

Those elusive mirages were not

MIRAGES

By ANGIE IRONS



Illustrations by E. LISLE REEDSTROM

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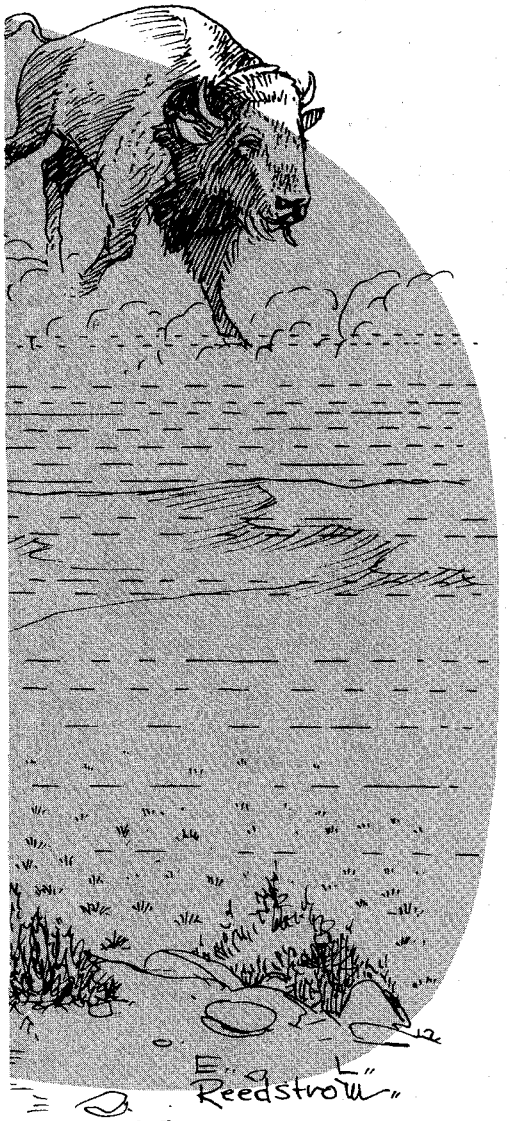
limited to land. They often invaded the sky, filling it with colorful, moving images. Then suddenly the visions would multiply, changing almost instantly from one miraculous scene to another.

There was no pattern, no rhyme or reason for the changes. Colors faded, burst into luminescence, then disappeared entirely. They came without warning, both to the surprise and awe of their viewers, and left just as quickly, leaving onlookers staring in amazement and wonder.

The Plains Indians were at first spellbound by mirages but later came to regard them as almost commonplace. However, some mirages the Indians encountered were so extraordinary that they have become legends.



One such mirage took place in the early 1800s somewhere along the Great Osage War Trace in what is now Oklahoma. A band of Osage warriors were traveling along the trace when they were startled by the sudden appearance of two great armies in the sky. Dressed in strange clothes and marching on foot, the armies faced each other in an open field high in the cloudless sky. In tight order the armies advanced, their banners flying before them. They met in the middle of the field, their long knives flashing. Captivated, the Indians watched the silent battle in the sky. Then, in an instant, the armies were gone.

Nearly half a century later on the plains of today's Kansas, Pacer, chief of the Kiowa-Apaches, stared into the sky. Across it marched a single column of men dressed in shiny metal armor. The men wore strange metal hats and carried silver-headed pikes; long knives hung at their sides. Pacer watched with alarm. With his heart beating hard he nudged his pony forward, following slowly behind the men in the sky. For nearly half a day he followed, then as the sun sank in the sky, the moving column marched into oblivion.

Early mirages could shift size and distance. Wild horses grazing in a far away field could suddenly seem forty feet tall. Buffalo running along the skyline could abruptly appear to become monsters of gigantic and frightening proportions. Buildings miles away might triple their normal size and appear close enough to touch.

To Indians, mirages became facts of life. They grew used to them and knew mirages to be tricksters. Still, Indians accepted mirages for what they were—phenomena of nature.

The first frontiersmen on the open plains did not take mirages so lightly. Victor Tixier, a traveler on the plains in 1839, found mirages rather startling. He wrote of them: "After crossing several creeks which flowed into the Niskureh-Tanga River, we saw a mirage which appeared as the sun rose. A rather thick mist covered the Great Saline. The dung of the buffaloes seemed so large that we, the white people, who did not expect a mirage, thought they were a herd of bison grazing at a distance. The Osage to whom we told this were so well acquainted with this deceiving phenomenon that even the women made fun of us.

"We soon recognized a mirage on noticing that the legs of the horses walking ahead of us seemed unusually large. Everything resumed its normal shape as soon as the sun had dispelled the mist, which from a distance looked like a large expanse of water."

To some, mirages were portents of evil; to others they were things of beauty that helped alleviate the strain and boredom of prairie travel. Dr. Anderson Ellis, acting assistant surgeon in the United States Army, found mirages a welcome relief from the rigors of garrison life. He chronicled this memory of them: "I saw a most wonderful mirage. . . [one morning], which I can never forget and which I wish I could make you see as I saw it.

"An isolated mountain peak in the distance seemed to rise abruptly from a great, broad river, upon whose shining waves were myriads of birds of bright and brilliant plumage. Rising straight up from the waters were magnificent groves of timber, with cool vistas of forest aisles between.

"As I traveled toward it, the stream disappeared and the mountain changed into a frowning fortress, symmetrical in all of its parts—a perfect model of architectural beauty. A few minutes more and a dreamy haze hung over those battlements. Next came forth a palace with pillars and archways and a great dome, which I had scarecly time to admire before it too was gone.

"I stopped my horse in breathless wonder, and asked myself if I was not dreaming. But no! I looked again and the strange and beautiful pictures were all gone, and I saw only the terrible desert stretching away in its arid isolation."

Sometimes a mirage appeared in a distant mist like a vision wrapped in a gauzy veil. At other times a mirage could be clear and bold, outlined by sparkling sunlight. Yet on some cloudy days, a mirage could flip, causing inverted illusions.

Mirages might last a few seconds, moments, or as long as half an hour. A caravan of Cherokee settlers coming out of Indian Territory and headed for the Santa Fe Trail witnessed a long-lasting mirage in the late 1850s. They had

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crossed the Kansas border and were about twenty miles from the Santa Fe Trail when their scout appeared far out on the prairie before them. He was riding toward them, hell bent for leather, with hundreds of Indians bobbing against the sky in hot pursuit.

Panic gripped the people in the caravan as they swung their wagons into a circle, then handed out guns. Frantic women stuffed children into convenient hiding places and then ran to positions by their men, ready to reload weapons. The scout shoved his mount into the safety of the circle and dismounted, breathlessly joining the others.

With guns cocked and eyes alert, they waited. The Indians bobbed nearer and nearer. Then suddenly they were gone; in their place were dozens of quail, all flapping after a swarm of grasshoppers. The wagon-train defenders slowly realized they had been the victims of a mirage. Some cursed, others laughed, but all were relieved as they climbed back up on their wagons and went on their way.

Mirages could be dark and foreboding but could suddenly change into beautiful images that could delight the beholder. Watching for mirages became plains entertainment. Travelers became

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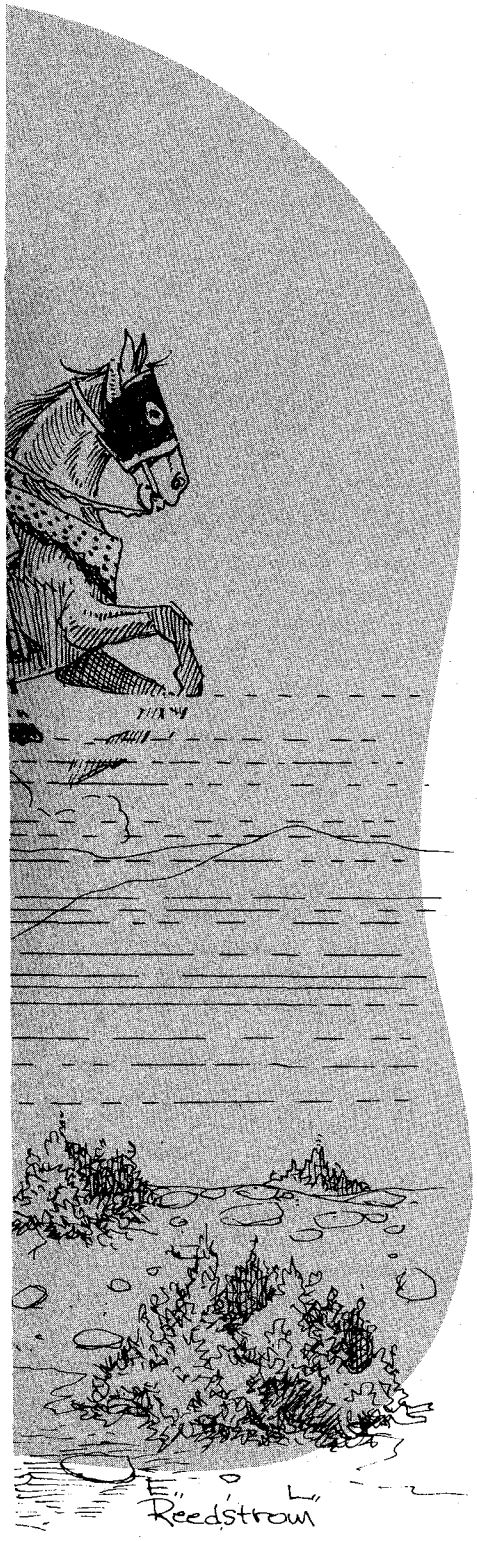
alert to them, and the first to spot a mirage would rush to call the others. Then all would watch it, exchanging comments on the sight.

Settlers began to notice that, although mirages could appear at anytime of the day, they appeared more often just before sunrise and at sunset. Pioneers looked foward to the morning mirages, which were often so wondrous that newspapers recorded them. One Kansas newspaper in January 1889 reported, "Tuesday morning a beautiful scene could be observed from the city. In the north and northeast, White Rock township spread out like a panorama before the eye. Among other places could be seen that of Judge Wheatcroft. The stone buildings were as natural as life. The stock could be seen in the yards and the boys moving about doing their morning work. The judge's place is nearly twenty miles distant, yet the magnifying quality of the air was such that all these could be plainly observed in detail."

F.I. Burt, an early Kansas settler, tells of his early-morning experience: "One morning I started for the pasture on horse back; and as I glanced up, I pulled my horse to a sudden stop. It looked as if I were about to ride into a neighbor's yard a mile away. I looked around. The farm scenes were all brought close. A man milking and the chickens in the yard seven miles away were within a few yards of me."



Later Burt wrote, "On a cloudy day out in my pasture I glanced up and there in the rift of the clouds was a picture of our house, barn, orchard, ponds of water and alfalfa, a pretty picture. It lasted only a few seconds, a thin cloud floated by and the picture was gone."

No one doubted the reports of mirages, for nearly everyone had seen them. No one could explain them but almost everyone had some kind of theory about them. Many of those theories were similar.

Kansan Robert Wright's theory typifies them. "So real have such sights appeared to me on the plains," he recalled, "that I could not help but believe they were scenes from real life, being enacted in some other part of the world, and caught up by the rays of the sun and reflected to my neighborhood, or perhaps that some electrical power had reproduced the exact picture for me."

This might seem like a viable theory if it were not for the fact that mirages often appeared at night. Whole towns would light up, and could be seen in their entirety, flickering in the night sky like huge fireflies, sometimes visible as far as forty miles away.

Even thick smoke from prairie fires could not dispel a willful mirage. On Easter Sunday, 1913, a huge prairie fire swept across the plains from Garden City, Kansas. By 10:00 a.m. smoke and dust covered the sun.

Those hurrying to fight the fire saw a fearful mirage. One of them later recalled, "We lived in a valley and when we got out on the flats, what a sight we saw! As far as we could see, west, south and east fire running up the valleys and up the mountains to the sky. The greatest sight I have ever seen, large trees falling occasionally, animals running and disappearing, blazes ten to twenty feet high and not a sound. A few rods away we looked like big black giants. A six-horse team on a gang plow was a monster machine.

"In reality the large trees that we saw were dry weeds, ten or twelve inches high. The blazes were only three or four inches high and the animals were only voles or rabbits."

A band of Osage warriors were traveling along the trace when they were startled by the sudden appearance of two great armies in the sky. Dressed in strange clothes, the armies faced each other in an open field high in the cloudless sky. In tight order the armies advanced, their banners flying before them.

Sightings and stories of mirages began to slow as more settlers crowded onto the plains, built houses, and tilled the prairie; all seemed to play a part in the destruction of the elusive mirage. As more and more of the prairie was broken up, mirages were seen less frequently.

Folks still looked for them though, hoping to view just once more that wondrous magic. The last real reports of large, colorful mirages—the ones that magnified images and defied distance—stopped around 1913–1915. Some night mirages were reported in the early 1920s, but they fell far short of the spectacular mirages of previous years.

One of the newspaper reports of mirages stated simply, "There was reported yesterday, the sighting of a fine mirage upon the prairie." Today, a few folks still witness an occasional mirage on the western Kansas and Texas plains. They are the lucky ones; the rest of us can only imagine the phenomena that so intrigued the early pioneers and settlers.

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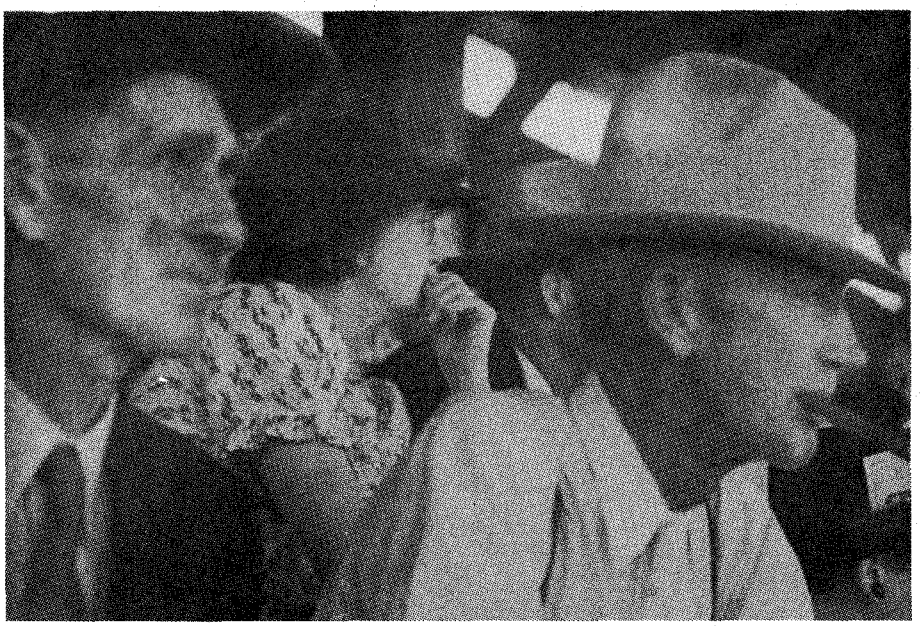
~Coke Roberds~ Quarter Horse Breeder

By JOANNA SAMPSON

Coke Roberds shipped his horses to Colorado by train. As they approached the end of the rail line at Wolcott, Colorado, the train wrecked, and Coke's stallion, Primero, was injured so badly he had to be destroyed. Coke arrived at his ranch on Morgan Bottom in Routt County with his excellent Steel Dust mares but no stallion.



White River Museum, Meeker, Colorado

It is said that Coke Roberds did not like having his picture taken. The one sure way to take a photograph of him was to wait until he was engrossed in the excitement of a fast horse race and then snap the shutter. Jap Wyman, left, and Coke Roberds at the races, Hayden, Colorado.

Coke Roberds of Hayden, Colorado, was a master American Quarter Horse breeder. Always a lover of good horseflesh, Coke began his horse-raising venture modestly. His goal was simply to breed the finest cow horses possible to work on his ranch.

Years later he told a friend, "When I started with the few head of Steel Dust mares, and the Thoroughbred stallion, Primero, it never entered my mind about selling any of the offspring—just thought I would raise a few to ride after cattle, but have sold quite a few since." He estimated that he sold over $100,000 worth of horses in his career. During his lifetime Coke owned not one, but two famous American Quarter Horse foundation stallions—Peter McCue and Old Fred.

Coke Roberds was born in 1870 to Mr. and Mrs. G.O. Roberds on a ranch in Texas near the Brazos River. Several years later the family moved to a ranch twenty miles east of Trinidad, Colorado, where they raised horses and cattle.

Coke learned cowboy skills early and became an expert rider and roper. He acquired his love of horses at such a young age he considered it natural, much like being able to walk and see.

Coke went to eight years of grade school in a one-room school house near his home. He then attended high school in Trinidad, where he met Si Dawson, who would become his close friend. Si, like Coke, learned ranch work early, but lost his left hand in a roping accident when he was twelve. The loss of his hand did not keep Si from playing the violin, though, or from performing all of the duties of a horseman and rancher. After finishing high school Coke went back east to college.

By 1898 Coke was back in the West working on a Texas ranch, where he met and married his wife, Beulah. They moved to western Oklahoma, where he became owner of several Steel Dust mares that had many attributes of Chickasaw horses, an early quarter horse prized by Chickasaw Indians. These horses, called quarter-milers or short-timers, were strong, agile, and fast on a quarter-mile track. At the time Coke also owned a Thoroughbred racing stallion named Primero, which he bred to his fine Steel Dust mares.

The dusty Oklahoma air aggravated Coke's asthma, and by 1908 doctors were recommending he move to a high, dry climate. His friend, Si Dawson, was by that time living on the western slope of the Rockies in Colorado, so Coke decided to visit there. He felt much better in the clean, high altitude, so the two friends set about finding a ranch for Coke. They found a fertile, grass-rich spot on the banks of the Yampa River a few miles north of Hayden. The spot was also close to Si's ranch near Wolf Mountain, where he owned some good quarter horses and a few Thoroughbreds.

After buying his new ranch, Coke Roberds shipped his horses to Colorado by train. As they approached the end of the rail line at Wolcott, Colorado, the train wrecked, and Coke's stallion, Primero, was injured so badly he had to be destroyed. Coke arrived at his new ranch on Morgan Bottom in Routt County with his excellent Steel Dust mares but no stallion.

In 1915 Coke and Si became interested in foals sired by a well-known stallion named Peter McCue. Both men loved fast horses and liked nothing better than going to the races. They visited the track in Denver to check out a young Peter McCue colt. They liked the looks of the horse, but Coke decided

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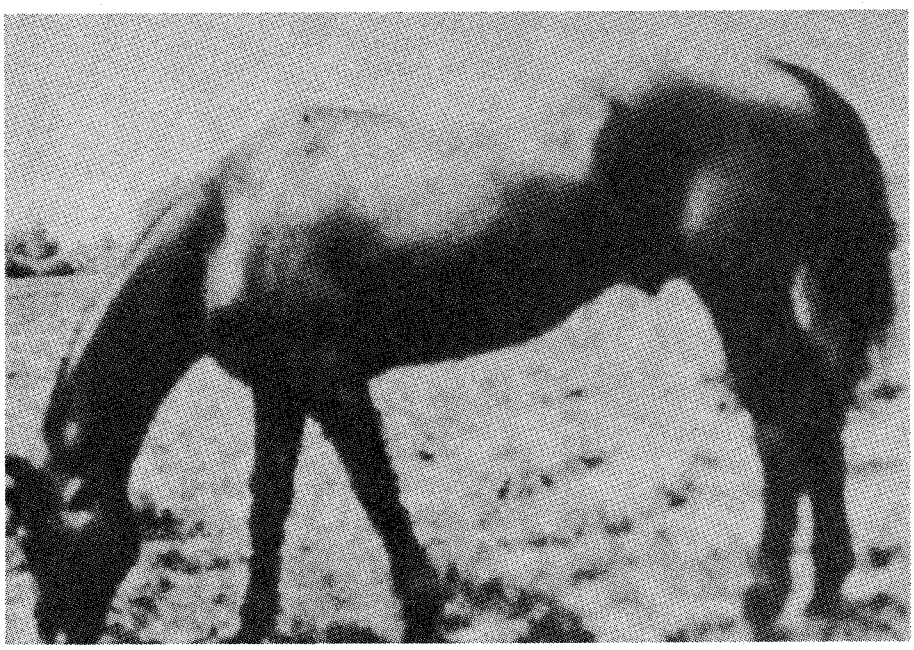
they should take a look at the sire, Peter McCue. Si left for Oklahoma where the great horse was standing at stud.

Si bought the aging Peter McCue in 1915 from Caudle Horse Barns in Cheyenne, Oklahoma. He paid Miles Burlingame $5,000 for him. The stallion went by rail to Hayden, arriving there when the town was under four feet of snow. Coke met the train and transported the valuable stallion to Si's ranch, trudging through drifts with his team pulling a sled on which he had built a box similar to a modern horse trailer. Coke fought the deep snow, taking Peter McCue to a warm stall on Si's ranch.

Peter McCue, foaled in 1895, was a deep bay, standing sixteen hands high and weighing 1,430 pounds. As a young horse, his speed was phenomenal. He was clocked early one morning by three independent clocks with a number of reliable people watching, running a quarter-mile in twenty-one seconds flat—the fastest quarter-mile ever run. The time was not official, as the speed was recorded on a routine early morning workout, but it is generally conceded that three separate clocks registering the same speed constituted an accurate time.



Hayden Heritage Center

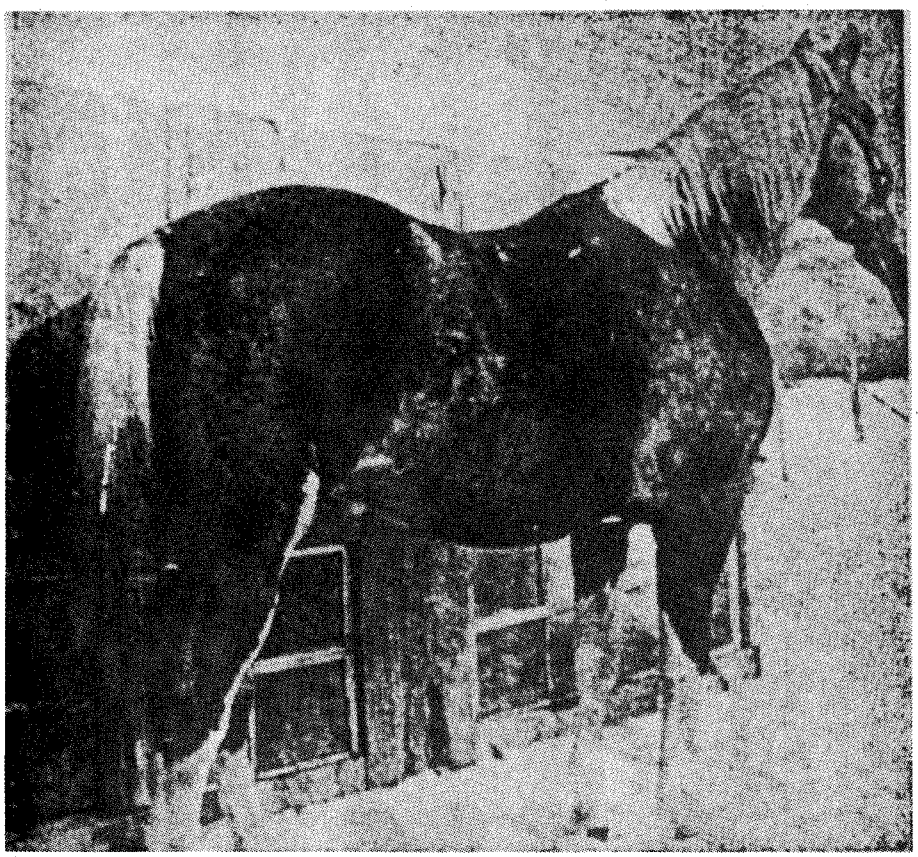
The immortal Peter McCue as he looked in his later years.

Coke and Si both bred Steel Dust horses, infusing a bit of Thoroughbred blood into the bloodlines. They interbred their horses from the start, to mutual advantage. However, in 1915 the Victor American Fuel Company bought the Dawson ranch, and Si and his family moved to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Si later signed a contract with the Matador Cattle Company to manage a huge ranch in Brazil.

In 1919, while he was celebrating Thanksgiving dinner on the ranch with friends, Si's appendix ruptured. He was rushed to a hospital in Sao Paulo, Brazil, but died there of complications on December 3. Lucy, his widow, returned to Routt County and sold Si's horses, which Coke had been tending. Thirty-five quarter horse mares sold at auction, and Lucy gave Peter McCue to Coke. In 1987, the Quarter Horse Hall of Fame in Amarillo, Texas, recognized Si Dawson for having owned and bred Peter McCue.

The second quarter horse foundation stallion that Coke Roberds owned was Old Fred. Born in 1893, Old Fred was a large stallion with generous white markings, which the quarter horse registry has never been keen about. His history is hazy; in later years researchers thought they had traced Old Fred's ancestors, but Coke often told researchers that he did not know Old Fred's breeding.

Coke discovered Old Fred hitched to a freight wagon pulling supplies in northwestern Colorado. Coke and Beulah were riding to Wolcott on business when they met the freight wagon on the road. Coke dismounted and visited with the freighter in his quiet, friendly manner as he walked



AQHA Photo

One of the most famous foundation stallions of the quarter horse breed, Old Fred. A palomino-colored stallion with flaxen mane and tail, he is found in the pedigree of most of the finest palominos in the West.

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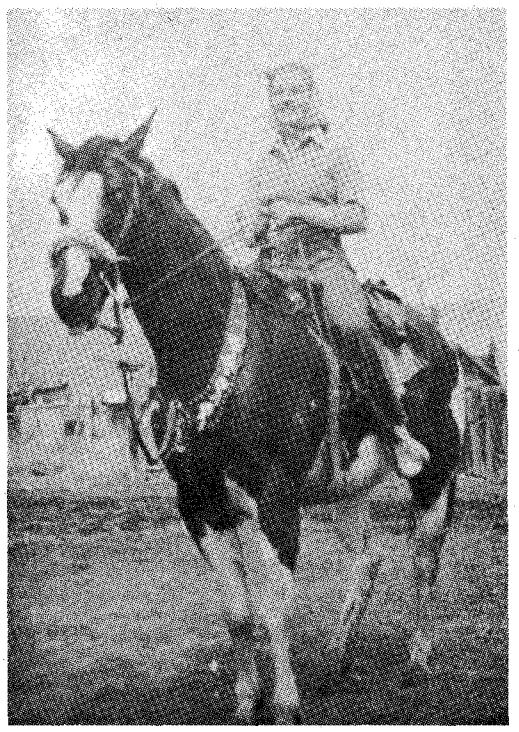
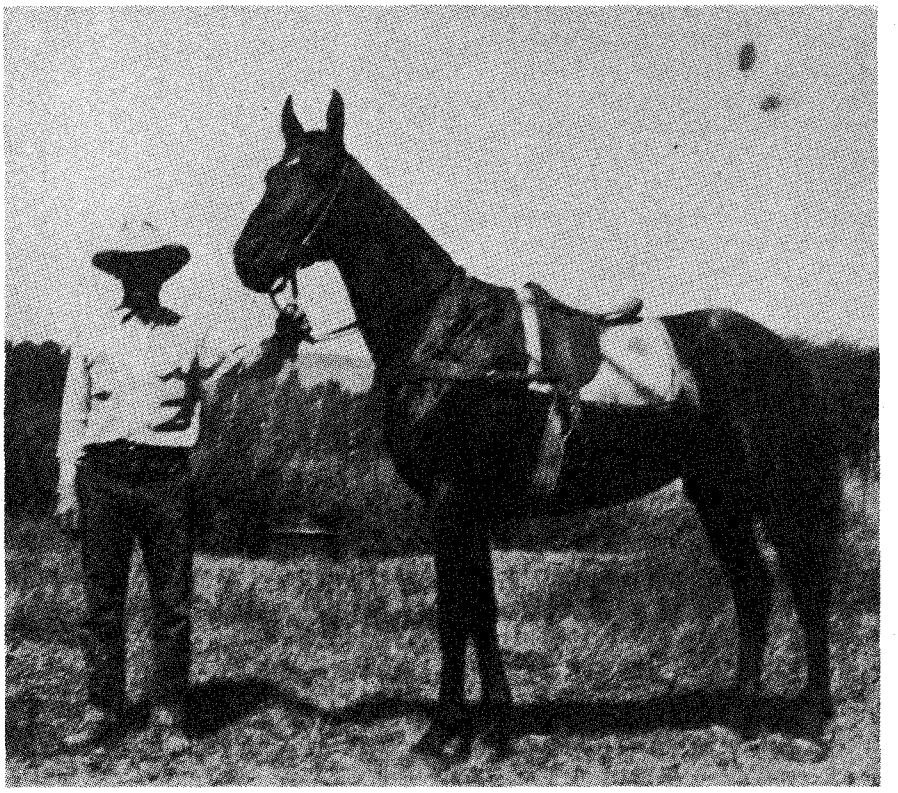
Mildred Lighthizer Yoast Collection



Mildred Lighthizer on her stallion, Playboy. After winning a jackpot of $90 at a drawing at the Hayden Theater, she bought the young stallion from Coke.

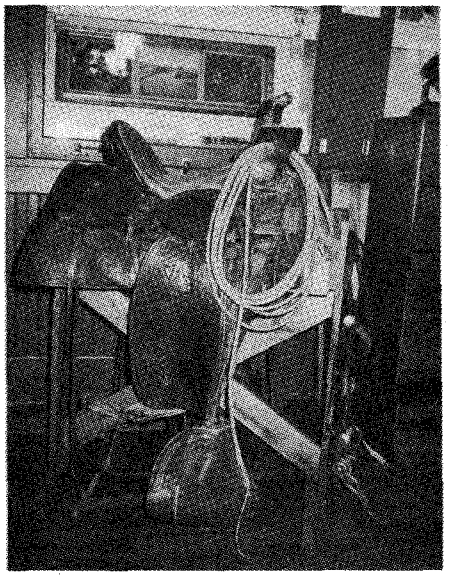
Author's Collection



Henry Hindman, Routt County racehorse man and one-time employee of Coke Roberds, with Joker. One of the fastest horses in the county during the 1940s, Joker was from the Roberds bloodlines.

around the palomino wheel horse, studying Old Fred from every angle. He liked what he saw; this was a stallion that he wanted to incorporate into his breeding program. Coke dickered with the owner for a long time before they agreed on a price of $300; even then the freighter insisted on delivering his load before handing the stallion over to Coke.

Old Fred was a large, golden horse with a white mane and tail, four high white stockings, and an ample splash of white on his belly. Of the stallion Coke said, "you could breed Old Fred to a draft mare and get the best work horse you ever hitched, and you could breed him to a race mare and get yourself a race horse."



Author's Photo

Coke Roberds' saddle, now in the Hayden Heritage Center at Hayden, Colorado, was built by R.T. Frazier, Pueblo, Colorado.

Old Fred was trained to work in harness, but he was also an excellent saddle horse, and had a lot of speed. A large percentage of the best quarter horse-type palominos in the West are Old Fred's descendants. In addition, most horsemen agree that the mares Old Fred sired, which were subsequently bred to Peter McCue, made up the greatest stud record of the time.

Modern quarter horse shows sanction a flaw that Coke detested—a low-headed carriage in the horses, cultivated by some quarter horse owners and judges in the show ring. Coke wrote, "I don't want a horse that is low in front, no matter how good he is otherwise. . . this is the worst objection I have to so many Quarter Horses, they are in so many cases low in front."

In January 1991 the American Quarter Horse Association cracked down on its judges, instructing them not to award prizes to low-headed horses. Coke Roberds would have approved. He knew such a practice made a horse heavy in the front, a real handicap for an athletic working horse.

Coke knew how to ride a horse as well as how to judge one. When he mounted up, he often used a saddle with a padded seat—a rarity in those days and an item that might have labeled any other man a "dude." However, anyone who saw Coke ride knew to keep his mouth shut about the cushioned seat.

Henry Hindman, an old-time horse breaker who worked for Coke, remembered a fall morning when the men were saddling up in the corral for a day's work. The frosty air made the horses prone to bucking and one colt was putting on a rowdy show. He bucked off every cowboy who tried to ride him; then Coke arrived.

"You boys are having a bit of trouble riding that horse, I see," he said quietly. He picked up the reins and said, "I'll show you how to ride him."

"He got on the bronc," Henry remembered, "and rode him. Coke always rode a long stirrup. He had a big old cigar in his mouth and sat up there just like he was sitting in a rocking chair while that bronc bucked himself to a standstill. Coke was well into his seventies when he rode that bronc. Believe me, Coke Roberds could ride a horse!"

Coke used to brag about his horses' never bucking. One day, he and his friend Jack Blasingame were herding horses down to water at the Yampa

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River. Blasingame was riding a big, six-year-old horse. When they got into deep water, Blasingame suddenly swung his boots and spurs up behind the cantle to stay dry. When he did, he apparently hooked the gelding with his spurs, because the horse started to buck. The saddle blanket came out from under the saddle, and Blasingame, without his feet in the stirrups, grabbed the horn and hung on for dear life. When the horse settled down, Blasingame resaddled him, mounted, turned to Roberds and said, "This here horse damn near bucked."

"Yes, Jack, he came close," Coke replied.

After Beulah died, and after his big ranch house on Morgan Bottom was destroyed by fire in the late 1940s, Coke rented a room in Hayden at the home of a longtime family friend, the widowed Isa Smith.

It wasn't long before Coke and Isa decided to get married. The Rev. W.S. Stevenson, Jr., (this author's father) performed the ceremony. Coke and Isa wanted the wedding kept quiet so it was performed late, with no guests, at Isa's house. Isa preceded Coke in death, and afterward he went to Denver to live with his niece, Lollie Milne.

Henry Hindman, an old-time horse breaker who worked for Coke, remembered a fall morning when the men were saddling up in the corral for a day's work. The frosty air made the horses prone to bucking and one colt was putting on a rowdy show. He bucked off every cowboy who tried to ride him; then Coke arrived. . . .

In 1958 Cecil Hellbusch, a writer for *The Quarter Horse Journal*, interviewed Coke. "When I arrived at his home," Hellbusch wrote, "Coke extended his hand, stepped back to his favorite chair, sat down and beckoned me to have a chair nearby. Coke was dolled up in a light pink western shirt with a beautiful set of sterling silver collar points and well-creased western trousers. He had that well-scrubbed look. He is a tall man; one who could sit straight in a saddle and make even a mediocre horse look good."

Hellbusch wanted a posed photo of Coke, who refused. "He will not hold still for a posed picture and if you get one of him, you sneak it on the sly," Hellbusch wrote. "I did just that. He would have made an imposing photograph, all dressed up, puffing on an impressive looking cigar, but he would have none of it."

Coke Roberds died two years later at the age of ninety. Jack Blasingame later wrote, "I attended Coke Roberds' funeral. There were only 57 people at Coke's funeral, as he was buried at Hayden, a few days after the National Western Stock Show of 1960. It was 30 to 40 degrees below zero at night in that cold northwestern Colorado town, and the roads were terrible."

Coke, like his friend Si Dawson, is included in the American Quarter Horse Association Hall of Fame in Amarillo. The Rodeo Hall of Champions in Colorado Springs also honors him. In Hayden, both men are honored at the Hayden Heritage Center as founders of the American Quarter Horse breed.

Author's Photo

Coke Roberds' ranch on Morgan Bottom in Routt County, Colorado, as it looks today.

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The Ordeal of Marie Dorion

By JIM HARDEE

Illustrations by DALE CRAWFORD

Marie became snowblind on the second day and could not take a step for three days. She eventually succeeded in crossing the mountains and soon arrived on the shores of the Wallah-Wallah River. She continued along the banks for fifteen days until she finally reached the plains of the Columbia River.

Marie Dorion was the second woman to travel across continental America in the early days of western exploration. Accompanying Wilson Price Hunt on his overland expedition to Astoria, Oregon, she learned valuable lessons about journeying through a wild land. Her experiences enabled her and her two sons to survive an incredible ordeal that threatened to kill all of them a few years later.

Born on the Arkansas River, she was an Iowa Indian and sometimes used the last name of Aioe, Ayauway, Iowa, L'Ayvoise, or L'Aguivoise. Little is known of her early life, and her birthdate is set only as toward the end of the eighteenth century.

Marie's husband, Pierre Dorion, was the half-blood son of Pierre Dorion, Sr., also known as "Old" Dorion, a French trapper and trader who accompanied Lewis and Clark on a portion of their expedition. Pierre, Jr., was in St. Louis in the winter of 1811 as Wilson Price Hunt completed arrangements for the Pacific Fur Company's expedition to Astoria. This new venture was a division of John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company. Pierre, Marie, and their two sons, ages four and two, were to accompany the Hunt party on its 3,500-mile journey. Marie, the only woman on the trip, was apparently in her early twenties at the time.

Pierre had been an interpreter among Indian tribes up and down the Missouri, and had served with Manuel Lisa only the year before. He accepted Hunt's offer of employment on what seems to have been his own terms. He received an extravagant salary of $300 per year, with $200 paid in advance. Pierre also stipulated that his family be allowed to travel with him. The Hunt expedition, Dorions in tow, left St. Louis on March 12, 1811.

The party left the Missouri River and headed west from Manuel Lisa's post among the Mandan Indians. The trip was long and perilous, and the expedition did not arrive in Astoria until February 15, 1812.

Along the way, Marie proved to be one of the hardiest members of the group. She walked much of the way, often carrying the children on her back. On December 30 she gave birth to another child, near the present site of North Powder, Oregon; it was the first child with white blood to be born on the overland route across America. The day after her delivery, Marie rode about twenty miles on horseback across the Telocaset Divide to catch up with the rest of the party in Grande Ronde Valley. Sadly, the infant died nine days later on January 8, probably somewhere on Meacham Creek near Duncan, Oregon. The sex of the child was never recorded.

It seems that all the men on the expedition held Marie in high regard. At one point, when the entire party faced starvation, Hunt requested permission to kill for food the horse that Pierre had purchased for his pregnant wife. When it came to a vote, the famished men voted unanimously to starve rather than rob Marie and her children of their mount.

This trip was but a precursor to Marie's incredible ordeal. It began on July 5, 1813, when John Reed, a Pacific Fur Company clerk, took an expedition out of Astoria and into the Snake River country on a trapping and horse-gathering mission. Accompanying Reed were Giles LeClerc, Francois Landry, Jean Baptiste Turcot, Andre LaChapelle, Pierre Dulaunay, Pierre Dorion—and Dorion's family.

Reed's party trekked up the Columbia River to the Umatilla River, where they obtained sixteen horses from local Indians. He then started along Hunt's old route toward the Blue Mountains, following what would become the Oregon Trail. They reached the Snake River, near present-day Huntington, Oregon, in mid-August.

AFTER REACHING the Snake, Reed built a post at the mouth of the Malheur River, probably near the present site of Vale, Oregon. Bannock Indians were very hostile toward Reed, so he abandoned the post, crossed the Snake, and built new winter quarters at the mouth of what is now the Boise River in present-day Idaho. Fur trappers would call this waterway "Reed's River" for many years in memory of the events about to occur there.

The exact spot of Reed's cabin is not known with certainty. Charts of David Thompson, a Canadian surveyor in the early 1800s, show the post on a tongue of land at the south side of the Boise River's mouth. Donald McKenzie subsequently started a post at the same place in 1819 and Thomas McKay utilized Reed's old horse corral for his post, called Snake Fort, built in 1835.

After Reed completed his cabin, his men set about trapping beaver; however, things began to turn bad for the party. During the fall, Pierre Dulaunay, in something of a sullen

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mood, left in a fit and was never heard from again. Francois Landry was thrown from his horse and died of subsequent injuries. Finally, Jean Baptiste Turcot died of the "King's Evil," a form of tuberculosis also known as scrofula, said to be curable only by the touch of a king's hand.

Reed's party was not diminished for long, as three Kentucky hunters who had been waiting for Reed soon joined him. They were John Hoback, Jacob Rezner, and Edward Robinson, who had originally traveled with Andrew Henry in 1810 as employees of the Missouri Fur Company. After hiring on with Hunt as guides through the Rockies, the three had separated from the main group to trap beaver. They had been hunting in the Snake River area, aware that Reed was to bring his party to that vicinity.

In January, Rezner, LeClerc, and the Dorions separated from Reed and the rest of the party. They traveled about five days to an area they found to be well stocked with beaver. They built a crude hut and dispersed into the surrounding wetlands to hunt. The men were quite successful, and while they checked their traps each day, Marie remained at the meager dwelling, dressing skins and preparing their evening meal.

Marie was stretching beaver hides one evening, around January 10, 1814, when she heard footsteps approaching. Giles LeClerc, deathly pale and bleeding severely, staggered into the hut. He summoned enough strength to tell her that Indians had attacked the men; Rezner and Dorion died instantly. LeClerc got away, but life was draining rapidly from him as he collapsed at Marie's feet, exhausted.

With the courage and confidence of an experienced frontier woman, Marie knew that escape was her only chance for life. With great difficulty she caught two of their horses. On one she packed some clothes and a small quantity of beaver meat and dried salmon. She managed to hoist LeClerc into the saddle behind those few supplies. Marie mounted the other horse, her two children in front of her. Then they made for the safety of Reed's cabin.

Marie lost her way during the first night and her party spent most of the second day under cover from a winter storm. Marie pushed on, though, traveling mainly in the protection of darkness.

On the third day of the trek, Marie saw a number of Indians galloping eastward on horseback. She immediately dismounted and concealed her family and LeClerc in a large thicket. They managed to escape detection and proceeded on with caution. They slept at night with no fire or water. The desperate mother cradled her young children in her arms, trying to keep them warm. LeClerc died during the bitter cold night, and Marie buried his body under brushwood and snow.

At dawn the family resumed their journey. Late in the evening of the fourth day, they reached Reed's headquarters. To her horror, Marie found only a smoking ruin where the house had been. The area was deserted. Signs

To her horror, Marie found only a smoking ruin where the house had been.

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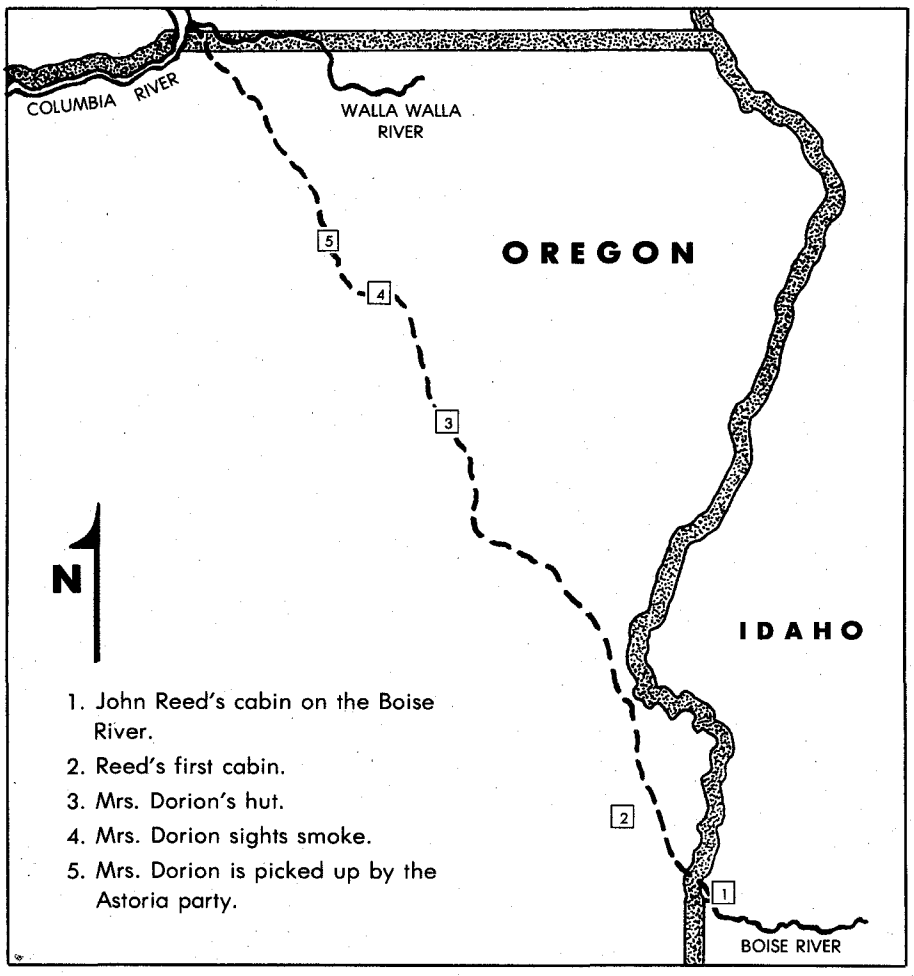

Marie Dorion's route closely approximated that of what became the Oregon Trail and, eventually, present-day Highway 84.

Near present-day Hilgard, Oregon, she found the snow too deep to continue. She chose a wild, lonely ravine for her winter refuge, and in a rocky recess, close to a mountain spring, she built a primitive hut, using a buffalo robe and three deer skins she had taken from the Reed cabin.

of a furious battle were everywhere, and blood stained the ground.

Determined to discover if any of the men might still be alive, Marie hid the children and horses in a cluster of trees. Arming herself with a tomahawk and a large knife, she waited for the cover of darkness, then crept toward the scene of the carnage. Quietly she called out the men's names but there was no reply.

The sound of a snapping twig caught Marie's ear. In the glow of the still-smoldering timbers she saw a band of prairie wolves skulking about. She yelled and the sound of her voice sent them scurrying into the shadows. Fearful that the wolves might find her secluded sons, she hurried back to them. She arrived just in time to save her boys from three of the ferocious animals sneaking toward them.

The next morning Marie forded the Snake and rode toward the Blue Mountains, a range of the Rockies rising not far from the upper reaches of the Wallah-Wallah River. For days she continued west, hurrying onward, following essentially the same trail back to Astoria which she had used two years prior on the Hunt expedition. She was exhausted and hungry, having denied herself food to feed her children.

Nine days later Marie and her sons reached the base of the Blue Mountains. Near present-day Hilgard, Oregon, she found the snow too deep to continue. She chose a wild, lonely ravine for her winter refuge, and in a rocky recess, close to a mountain spring, she built a primitive hut. Marie had a buffalo robe and three deer skins she had taken from the Reed Cabin. She spread the deer skins over a rough framework of cedar branches and pine bark. The wigwam would shelter her family well in the inclement winter weather ahead.

Having no other food, Marie killed their two horses. She added their skins to the hut's covering and smoked the meat. In cheerless winter isolation, Pierre Dorion's widow and her two fatherless sons endured fifty-three days of a miserable, desolate, cold existence.

By the last of March 1814, Marie's provisions were about gone. Still, they had seen nothing of the Indians who had killed the men of Reed's expedition. For that matter, Marie had seen no sign of human life except her children. Resigned to her fate, she wrapped the remaining dried meat in the buffalo robe and slung it across her back. She swung her youngest child onto her shoulders, took her eldest by the hand, and continued west on foot.

Marie became snowblind on the second day and could not take a step for three days. She eventually succeeded in crossing the mountains and soon arrived on the shores of the Wallah-Wallah River. She continued along the banks for fifteen days until she finally reached the plains of the Columbia River, all the while hoping to find some friendly Indians to live among until boats from Fort Okanagan ascended the river late in the spring.

Finally Marie saw smoke in the distance. Leaving her children wrapped snugly in the buffalo robe and hidden along Meacham Creek, she ventured ahead to check out the source of the smoke. Around noon the next day, scarcely able to crawl, she dragged herself into a camp of hospitable Wallah-Wallah Indians. They immediately went back for her children.

On April 4, 1814, several partisans of the Pacific Fur Company set out east from Astoria to cross the Rockies. The party, including Donald McKenzie, David Stuart, John Clarke, and Gabriel Franchere, paddled their two canoes idly up the Columbia. On April 17 they approached the mouth of the Wallah-Wallah. At about 8:00 a.m., three canoes filled with Indians put out from shore and headed directly for them. From their straining effort with the paddles, it was obvious to the Astorians that the Indians meant to overtake them.

The white men's fears were allayed when they heard what sounded like a child's voice imploring them to stop. They pulled onto shore, and the three Indian canoes quickly joined them. To

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Marie managed to hoist LeClerc into the saddle behind their few supplies. She mounted the other horse, her two children in front of her.

the whites' surprise, they recognized Marie Dorion and her two sons. When they heard her tale, they were awed and horrified.

The Dorions had been with the Wallah-Wallah tribe about two weeks when the Pacific Fur Company canoes came by. The Astorians gave the locals some presents to repay them for their kindness, then took Marie and her sons back up to Fort Okanagan where they arrived on April 23.

Marie could offer the whites no solid reason for the Indians' murderous attack on Reed's party. Some Astorians supposed it to be an act of Blackfeet butchery. Others thought it a wanton and unprovoked massacre, and cited it as another demonstration of Indian barbarity. Still others ascribed the affair to the Nez-Perces in revenge for the hanging of one of their tribesmen by John Clarke. Clarke, a newly-appointed partner of the Pacific Fur Company, had punished the Indian for stealing a silver cup the spring before. The Bannocks, having already shown hostility toward the Reed party, were also potential culprits.

The cabin John Reed built had no defenses. Since the hunters were usually out with their trap lines or hunting game, Marie supposed there was not more than one or two of the men with Reed at the time of the attack. The others were likely cut off in the same manner as her husband. From the quantity of blood around the cabin, the Astorians surmised that the whites must also have killed several Indians.

There is some confusion as to the names of Marie's sons at the time of the massacre. It is relatively certain that Baptiste Dorion was one of the two. Several historians name the second child as Paul Dorion, although other sources say Paul's mother was "Holy Rainbow," a Yankton Indian. Historian J. Neilson Barry reports the death of one of the Dorion boys shortly after the Hunt expedition reached Astoria, and the birth of a third son while Pierre and Marie were with Reed on the Boise River. He also said the eldest child who survived the ordeal was four years old; the other was four months old.

When the Astoria enterprise folded, most of its members returned east or attached themselves to the North West Company, which purchased the Pacific Fur Company. Only Marie Dorion and her children continued to live on the frontier. She later married Louis Joseph Vernier, of the North West Company. They had one child, Marguerite, born about 1819.

Vernier, like Marie's first husband, died at the hands of Indians. She then married Jean Baptiste Toupin, an interpreter at Fort Wallah Wallah. They had two children, Francois, born in 1825, and Marianne, born in 1827.

One of Marie's sons, Baptiste Dorion, followed in his father's footsteps, serving as a guide to the naturalist J.K. Townsend on a trip along the Columbia River in 1834. He also served as a lieutenant with the Oregon Rifles in the Cayuse Wars of 1847.

Marie was still in Oregon in 1838 when Methodist missionary Jason Lee reported seeing her. The Toupin family moved to the Willamette Valley and made land claims in 1841 about three miles east of Salem, Oregon.

Land office records indicate that Marie died on September 3, 1850. However, records in the St. Louis, Oregon, Catholic church show her death on September 5, with burial the next day. Her exact age at death is unknown.

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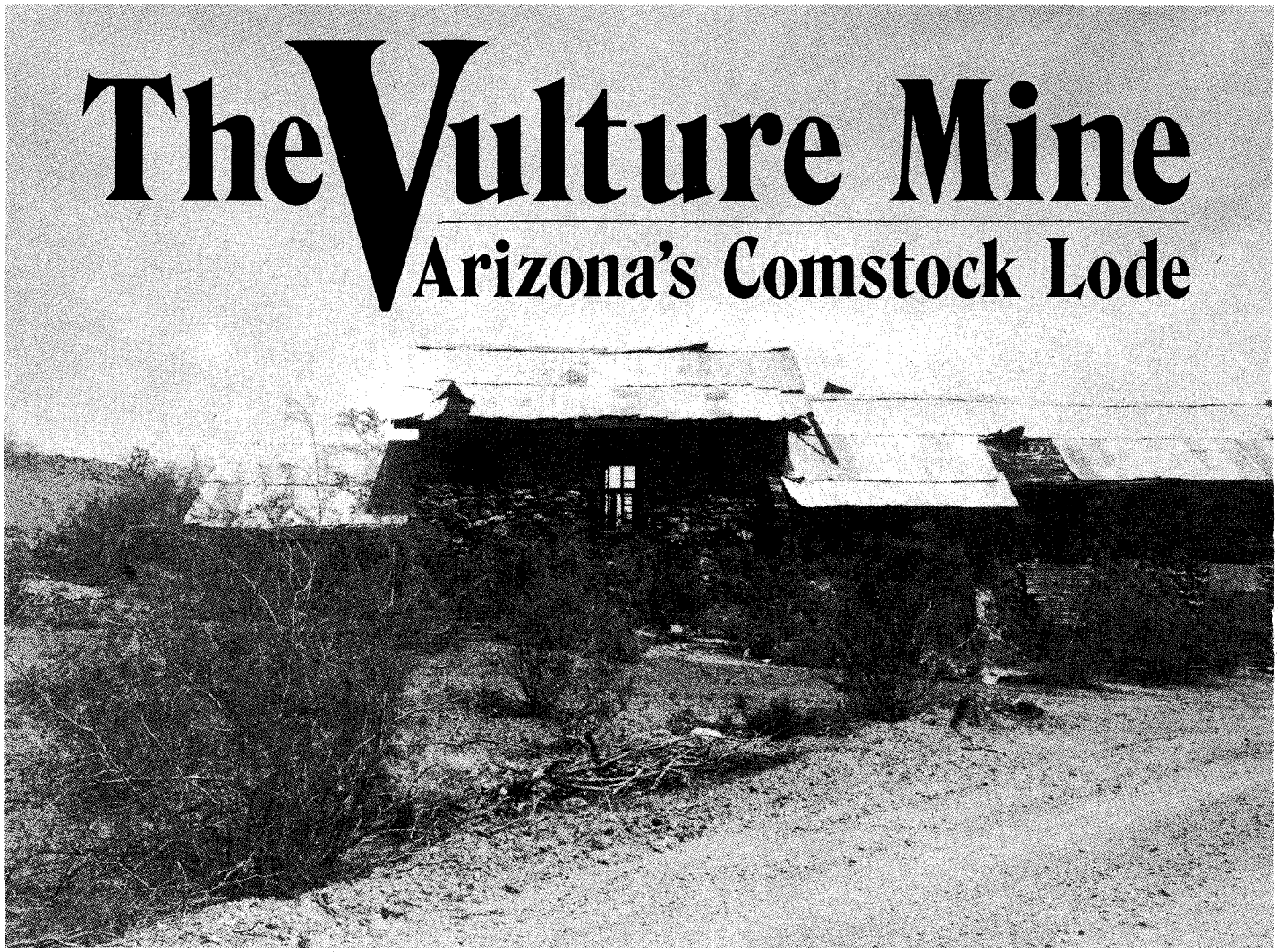
The Vulture Mine

Arizona's Comstock Lode



The walls of the assay office are rumored to hold over six hundred thousand dollars worth of gold. This building also housed the bank, with its six-foot-deep floor vault, and a bawdy house.

By KENT J. KELLER
and SMOKI WOLFE
Photos by the Authors

The winds of the desert stir the sand and rattle the siding of the decaying buildings. A rattler crosses the dusty roadway and crawls beneath an old foundation, seeking relief from the blistering sun. Here and there, a kangaroo rat or a ground squirrel lounges in the shade, hardly bothered by the shadow of the vulture circling overhead. Many buildings still stand in the old ghost town. The head frame looms tall and stark against the sky, like a mute grave marker of another western town that has had its day and has passed into history.

Vulture City and the famous Vulture Mine were once the workplace and home for 1,500 miners and families. Shops, a bank, a church, bawdy houses, and saloons bustled with activity. An endless string of freight and ore wagons braved the heat and Apaches to carry ore from the mine to the arrastras (rock-wheeled ore crushers) along the Hassayampa River and bring supplies from Prescott and Phoenix.

A strange, fateful trail led to the rise and fall of the Vulture mine. It began when Heinrich Heintzel was born in faraway Austria in 1821. He grew to young manhood and was prospering, studying mining, until he was accused of defrauding the state. Heintzel had to flee the country to save his life. He obtained passage to America, sailed around Cape Horn to San Francisco, and became a prospector. To protect his identity, he changed his name to Henry Wickenburg, fearing the Austrian government would hunt him down even in the Arizona deserts.

Henry prospected the area along the Colorado River, north of Yuma, and made his way north to the cool pine country around Prescott, then the territorial capital. Miners were taking placer gold out of the Bradshaw Mountains to the south, and Henry and three comrades went in that direction, searching for their "big strike." The four men worked their way down into the low deserts along the Hassayampa River. Traveling by horse and mule, they panned the sandbars of the river, following its banks southwest into Apache country.

About ten miles south of what is now the town that bears his name, Wickenburg and his partners made camp. They picketed their horses and mules and, after an evening meal of beans and coffee, bedded down for the night. Sometime during the night one of Henry's mules broke free of its tether and wandered off. When daylight came Henry wanted to search for the animal, but his friends, fearful about Apache sign in the area, refused to help him.

Henry knew the value of a good animal and set out by himself to look for the mule. Henry searched south and west from the campsite, following the mule's tracks and keeping a wary eye

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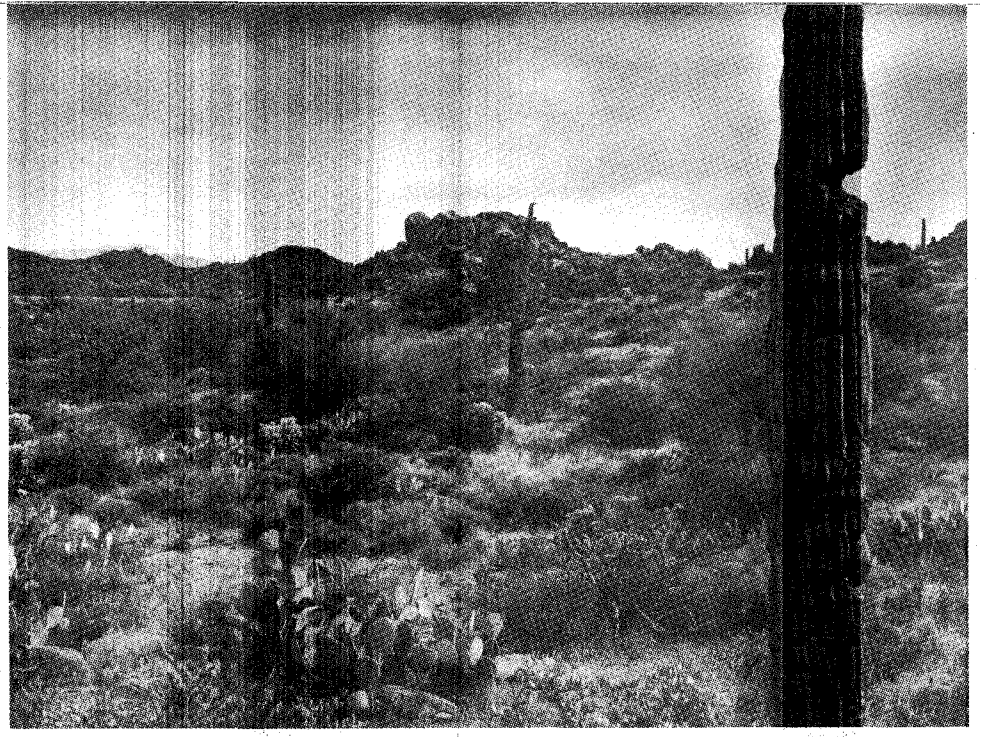
for Indian sign. He followed the mule's trail almost thirteen miles before spotting the animal standing near an outcropping of quartz on the side of a small mountain. As he neared the beast, Wickenburg saw a vulture circling above and either threw a rock or shot the bird, knocking it from the air. (Stories differ about how Henry downed the bird, but his caution regarding Apaches suggests that he used a rock; a shot undoubtedly would have brought braves to investigate.)



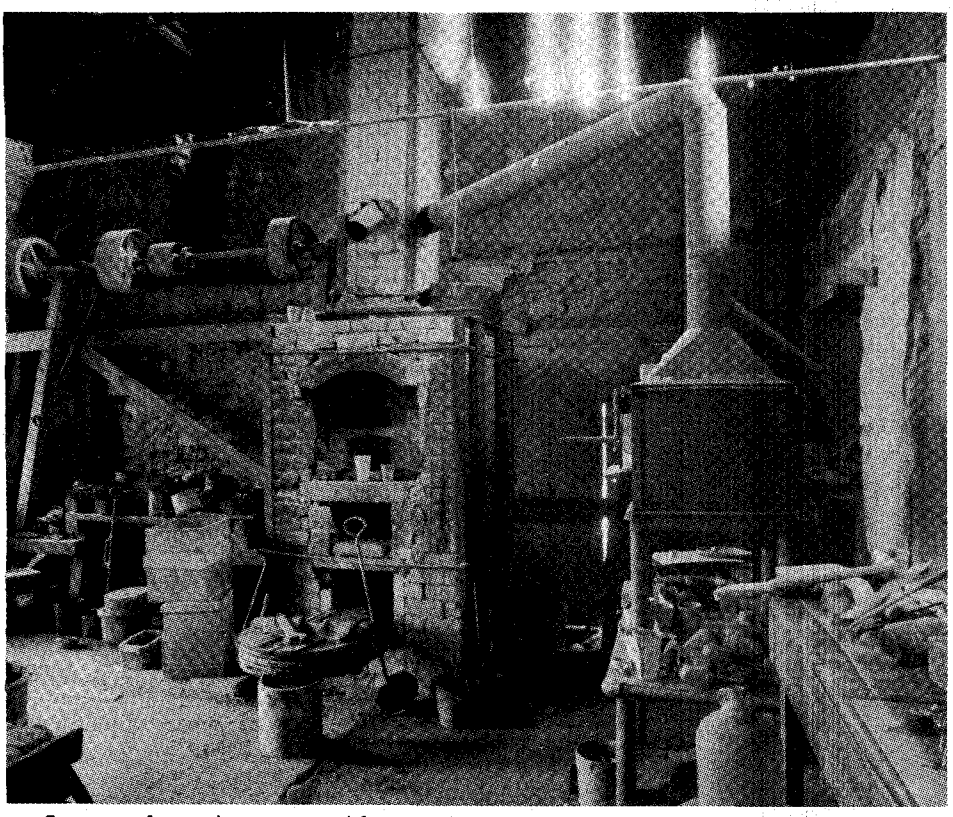
The Arizona desert is blistering hot in summer, freezing cold in winter, a harsh, unyielding land that does not give up its riches easily.

AFTER SECURING his mule, Henry went to examine the large vulture. As he stooped to look, his eye fell on a large nugget lying near the bird. Looking around, Henry spotted another, then another. Nuggets of all sizes littered the desert next to the quartz outcrop. In about an hour, Wickenburg picked up nearly a flour-sack full of gold nuggets. Examination of the quartz revealed vein after vein of gold, running through the white stone, criss-crossing in thick, wild patterns. The outcrop reached out of the desert sand some fifteen feet, stark against the brown sand and green scrub-brush.

With the help of his partners, Wickenburg marked and staked out his claim. The year was 1863, and Henry Wickenburg, the fugitive from faraway Austria, had laid claim to the richest gold strike in Arizona history.

Wickenburg worked the claim all that winter, using only pick, shovel, and willpower to scratch the riches from the desert. In the summer of 1864, he built an arrastra on the banks of the Hassayampa and on July 4 he milled his first ton of ore from the new mine, which he named the "Vulture." Some of the first ore from the Vulture assayed out at over $100,000 per ton. It soon began to level out in grade to about one hundred dollars per ton. Miners dug a tunnel that followed the quartz shelf downward at about a thirty degree incline. They drilled with hand and hammer, blasted with black powder, and transported ore to the surface with pack mules.

Between 1863 and 1867, the Vulture produced over $21 million in gold and silver. The original vein measured from several inches to over forty feet wide and up to fifteen feet high. The tunnel went to a depth of 400 feet and had several off-shoot tunnels.



Furnaces for melting ore and forming bonemeal crucibles, chemicals, powder boxes, bellows, and a two-hundred-pound ingot mold, share the interior rooms of the assay office with the scorpions and lizards.

ARIZONA'S territorial governor, Richard C. McCormick, referred to the Vulture strike as the "Comstock of Arizona." The city of Phoenix, sixty miles to the south, began as an agricultural center to supply miners in Vulture City, which was taking shape around the mine. Buildings were made of adobe and sometimes of the rich gold ore brought up from the mine. Building walls were up to two feet thick to keep out oppressive summer heat, winter cold, and Indian arrows and bullets. Local Apache bands routinely attacked ore and supply wagons, as well as the town itself, taking a toll of some

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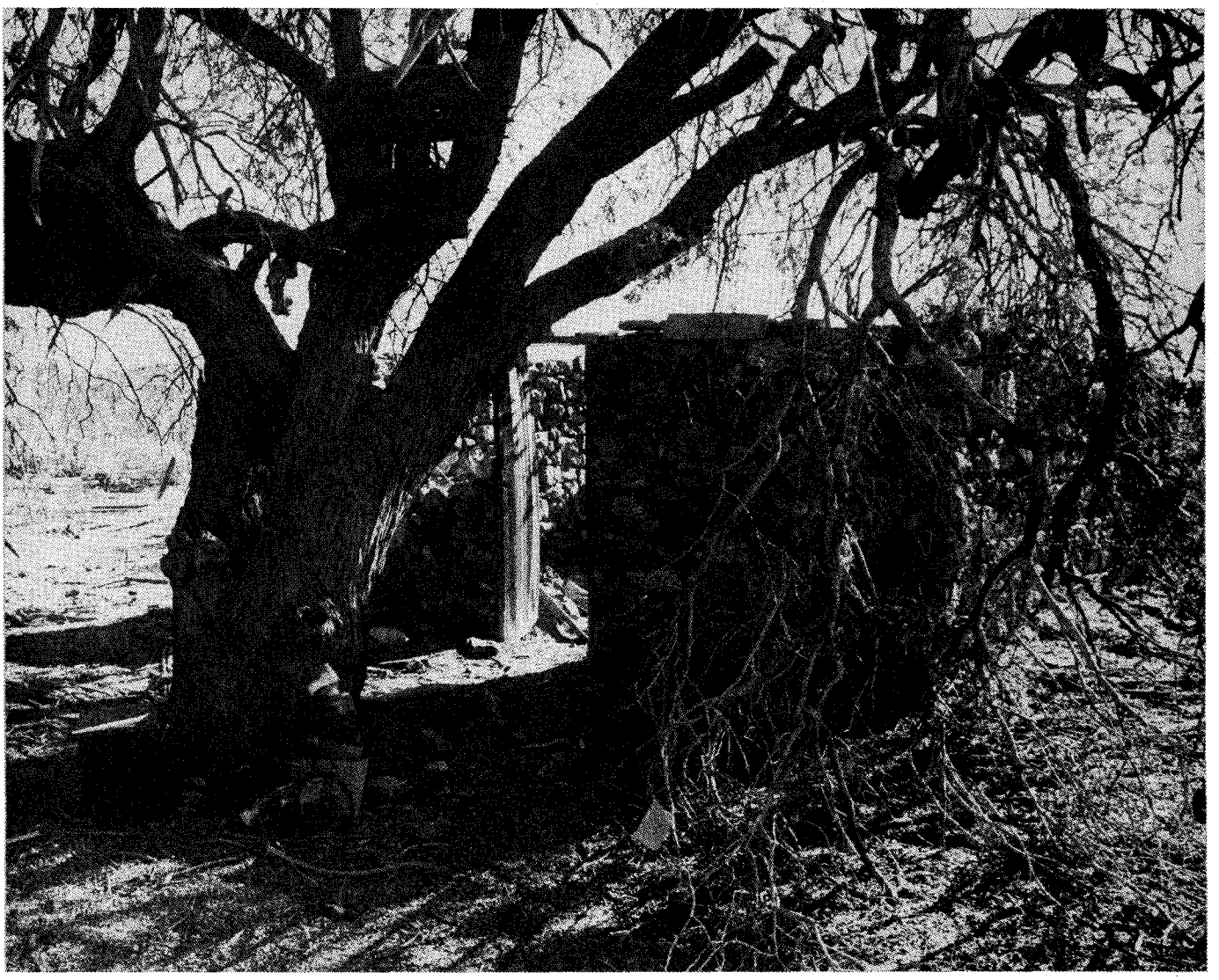

Henry Wickenburg's rock cabin, with its round rifle ports, is partially obscured by the giant ironwood, known as the "Hanging Tree," from which over twenty men met justice at the end of a rope.

seventy-five lives. The attacks and robberies became so numerous that Wells, Fargo closed their office at the Vulture camp.

Ore wagon drivers were not paid for their labor, but were allowed to pick up the ore which fell from the wagons on the fifteen-mile trip to the arrastras. However, it is safe to say that wagon drivers and miners "high graded" (or stole) millions of dollars in rich ore from the mine. As miners were not shoring up the mine, but leaving columns of ore in place to act as supports, thieves would often sneak into the tunnel at night and chip away at the pillars for their riches. In front of Henry Wickenburg's cabin still stands a large ironwood tree, from which many such "high-graders" met mining camp justice for their thievery.

Jacob Waltz, the legendary "Lost Dutchman" of Superstition Mountain fame, worked at the Vulture mine. Many historians believe that Waltz high-graded ore out of the Vulture, circled around to the east, and entered Phoenix from the Superstition Mountains, telling everyone he had made a rich strike. Waltz's ore was strikingly similar in quality and color to that of the Vulture Mine.

A noted mining expert. R.W. Raymond, went to the mine in 1871 and described the Vulture strike. "At the surface, the outcroppings show gold everywhere. There are four distinct quartz layers which are very rich. The red vein is 12 feet thick, the white vein being 6 feet, a blue vein of 9 feet, and a black vein of 5 feet, for a total thickness of 32 feet, at the surface. At the 240 foot level (in the shaft), the thickness of the main vein is 47 feet." He described the main shaft as a thirty-percent downgrade to a depth of about 300 feet, with two large quarry-pits on either side, one 300 feet long, the other 500 feet long.

The town of Wickenburg was established at a crossing of the Hassayampa River to act as a base camp for supply and ore milling. At one time more than forty arrastras lined the banks of the river. The town grew and was once the third largest city in Arizona.

In 1887 the major vein stopped abruptly at 400 feet; the mine was considered "played out." At that time, a large eastern mining conglomerate approached Henry and offered to purchase the "worthless" Vulture claim for $85,000. Henry, unaware of the still untapped riches, sold the claim. The company paid Henry only $20,000, which he spent trying to force the conglomerate to pay the balance. He never succeeded and the balance is unpaid to this day.

What the miners did not know is that the earth-crust had faulted approximately forty feet, leaving the vein pressed against a solid granite wall. Later, modern geologists would redis-

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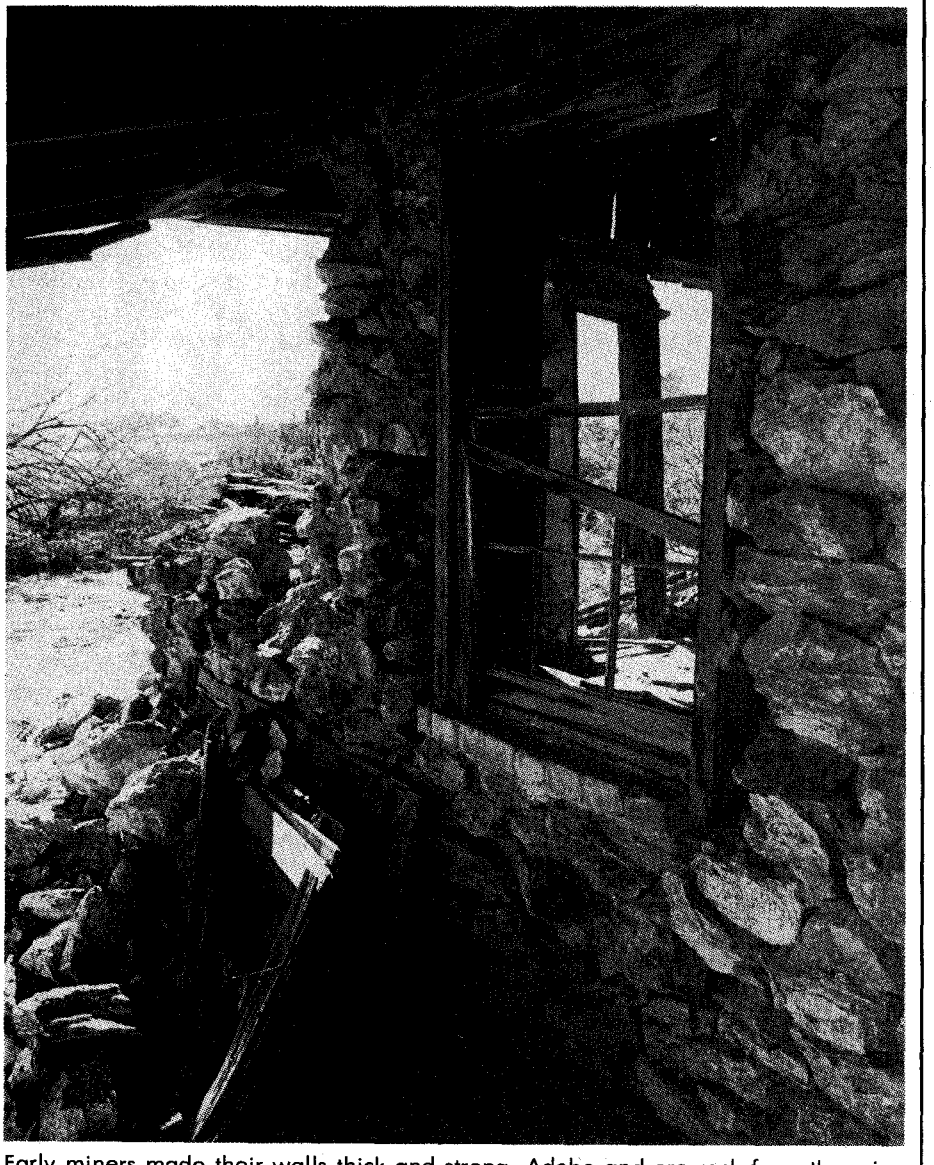
cover the rich Vulture veins and mining would begin again in earnest.

Henry took up ranching near the town that bore his name. When he was eighty-five years old, he was found dead, shot in the head, in the backyard of his home. Henry's death, considered suicide by some, the work of a conglomerate-hired assassin by others, came forty years to the day after he milled the first ore from his fabulous strike.

THE VULTURE MINE continued operating under numerous owners and investors. As late as 1923, death still stalked the tunnels of the Vulture shaft. Seven miners and twelve burros were buried alive as they "high-graded" ore from the support pillars in the tunnels. In 1942 the government closed the mine; it remained deserted until recent technology made it again profitable to search for the Vulture's riches.

During its heyday, the Vulture yielded millions of dollars in gold and silver, yet to this day men still sweat in the hot Arizona sun, dragging the precious metal from a resisting desert. The Apaches and highwaymen are gone now. The giant ore wagons no longer wind their way to the river. Tired and broken men no longer drink or play cards in the dining hall or the bawdy houses. The wind has carried most of the memories away. But somewhere under the desert sand and rock, the big vein lies waiting, the rattler watches from the shade, and overhead, a vulture circles patiently.



Early miners made their walls thick and strong. Adobe and ore rock from the mine repelled both the oppressive desert heat and the bullets and arrows of marauding Yavapai Apaches.

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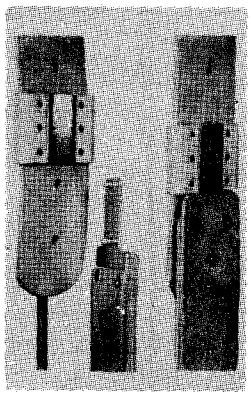

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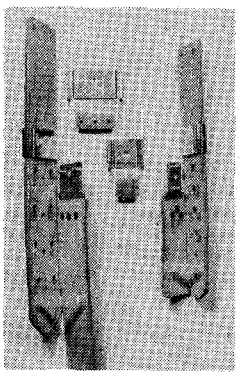

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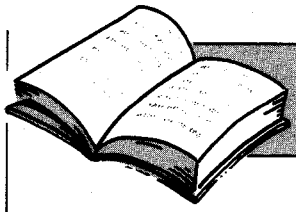

Books

A Chronicle of Mob Rule

Vigilante Victims: Montana's 1864 Hanging Spree, by R.E. Mather and F.E. Boswell. (History West Publishing Company, P.O. Box 612066, San Jose, California 95161. $19.95 cloth bound.)

From Christmas week 1863 until the end of February 1864, twenty-one men residing or loitering in and about the Bannack–Virginia City area of Montana (then Idaho Territory) were seized and hanged without trial. To some, it was one of the blackest marks in the history of the American West; to others, it was swift and efficient justice.

Just how many lives vigilantes ended in the settling of the West will never be known. However, the Montana hangings are an exception. They have been well-chronicled—so well, in fact, that one could justifiably question whether anything of historical consequence was left to be said about those two months. Authors Mather and Boswell believed there was, and they were right.

Apologists have pointed to reports that the area needed purging, that an organized gang of outlaws had robbed and murdered over 100 people. This, apparently, was false. There were, indeed, criminals on the scene, but the innocent along with the guilty felt the rope, or as poet-historian Joaquin Miller said, the vigilantes hanged "several very bad men, and possibly some very good ones also."

Mather and Boswell have explored every hanging. And, by digging deeply into the backgrounds of the victims and the men who put them into their graves, the authors have woven a highly readable story about two sad months of history. In doing so, they probably have come as close as any one ever will to determining what went through the minds of presumably sane and responsible men as they exterminated fellow humans.

The authors are retired college instructors and professional genealogists. Mather has a particular interest in the Montana tragedy, having had an ancestor on the scene at the time of the hangings. However, she is not quite sure as to which side he was on.

This is the pair's fourth book about the frontier's gold rush days. Their specialty is the Northwest. Their *Hanging the Sheriff: A Biography of Henry Plummer* (University of Utah, 1987) has been made into a film by Sun West Films of Spokane, Washington.

The publisher is new to the field. According to its marketing director, the company is dedicated to producing extensively researched histories that are as readable as novels, and for the most part it concentrates on writers who have previously written for university presses.—*Richard Patterson, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

Life of a Legend

Jesse Chisholm: Ambassador of the Plains, by Stan Hoig. (University Press of Colorado, P.O. Box 849, Niwot, Colorado 80544. $28.00 cloth bound.)

Stan Hoig, a retired journalism professor at Central State University in Edmond, Oklahoma, is truly in the top echelon of American West historians. His *Battle of the Washita*, *Peace Chiefs of the Cheyenne*, and *The Sand Creek Massacre* have become standard reference works, as will this new biography of frontiersman Jesse Chisholm.

Hoig, as we have come to expect, has meticulously researched Chisholm's life and has successfully worked around the decided handicap of having no actual documents by his subject with which to work—Chisholm left behind no letters, diaries, or other personal documents.

"Frontiersman" is the best single word to describe Chisholm since his whole life was spent on and devoted to the various frontiers of his era. He was born in 1805 or 1806, a half-Cherokee, half-Scots boy who spent his early childhood among the Cherokees of Arkansas Territory. At an early age he moved with his family to the vicinity of Fort Gibson in present-day Oklahoma. In his twenties, he became a trader and trailblazer, married a half-Creek girl, and was well on the road to becoming one of the most able linguists of the plains. He was versatile in the Cherokee, Osage, Wichita, Kiowa, and Comanche languages, and served as interpreter at councils between whites and Indians, negotiating trade treaties and captive releases.

Chisholm was an able guide and led such various groups as the 1834 Dodge-

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Leavenworth expedition to negotiate treaties with Comanches and Kiowas, and an 1836 treasure hunt (based on a 1757 map) from Arkansas to the mouth of the Little Arkansas River in Kansas.

Chisholm established himself as an Indian trader during the Civil War and made frequent trading expeditions between Wichita and the North Canadian River in present-day Oklahoma along the trail which came to bear his name. The trail was originally only 220 miles long, yet with time, it became the most celebrated of routes from longhorn cattle country to northern markets. However, Chisholm did not live to see the widespread use of his trail; he died April 4, 1868, at Council Grove on the North Canadian after eating bear grease that had been poisoned by cooking in a brass kettle.

Hoig aptly sums up Chisholm's life: "There can be little challenge to the claim that the immortality that was brought to Jesse Chisholm by the chance application of his name to the great cattle trail from Texas to Kansas—the significant initial link in the advance of the white man across the homeland of the Comanches and Wichitas—was a fitting commemoration for one who had done so much in the cause of peace on the Plains and who in himself was a bridge between the distant worlds of the white man and the Indian." After reading Hoig's splendid biography, there can be no challenge whatsoever.—*Dale L. Walker, El Paso, Texas.*

The West: Past, Present, and Future

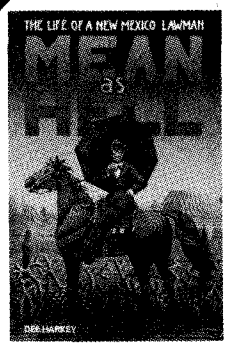
Beyond the Mythic West, by Stewart Udall, et al. (Gibbs Smith, Publisher, P.O. Box 667, Layton, Utah 84041. $29.95 cloth bound.)

This volume is both a glance backward and a hard look at the present and future of the West in the form of five essays and sixty-five superb color photographs. The topics treated by Stewart Udall (John F. Kennedy's secretary of the interior), popular historian Patricia Nelson Limerick, and three other contributors cover the West's heritage, ethnic and cultural diversity, land and water use, and literary riches.

Both text and pictures make clear what a treasure we have—and what we have to lose if we are not careful and fail to plan for the future. The essays and photos show the interaction of man and environment from Minnesota to Hawaii.—*Richard Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

BOOK MART

Outlaws and Lawmen



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Northwestern Symbols

Totem Poles, by Hilary Stewart. (University of Washington Press, P.O. Box 50096, Seattle, Washington 98145-5096. $29.95 cloth bound.)

Totem poles are the great symbols of the art and culture of the Kwakiutle, Haida, Tlingit, and Tsimshian natives of British Columbia and Alaska. (The Nootkas made a few, too, but those other fine carvers, the Coast Salish, did not.) Each great sculpture is a tall cedar tree, transformed by its representations of creatures both imaginary, such as thunderbirds, and real, like wolves, whales, bears, beavers, ravens, and eagles. A totem pole served to identify the people in the house behind it and to indicate their rank in tribal society.

Hilary Stewart illustrates her text on the history, variety, purpose, and symbolism of the totems with 130 drawings and forty black and white photos. The heart of the book is a "catalog" of 113 totem poles from British Columbia's southern border to Wrangell, Alaska. Visitors can see all of them, some properly located in their original context, others misplaced in parks or in front of museums.

Incidentally, you read a totem pole from the top down, and the topmost figure is the least important. The most important figure, and the largest, is at the base.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

Refugees in Canada

The Dakota of the Canadian Northwest: Lessons for Survival, by Peter Douglas Elias. (University of Manitoba Press, 244-106 Curry Place, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3T 2N2. $34.95 cloth bound.)

After the Minnesota troubles of 1862, many Dakotas fled northward, seeking refuge on British soil. At first, the scattered European population of Canada met the refugees with some fear; but when no bloodshed occurred, the Dakotas were largely ignored as they struggled to exist in their new home. The Dakotas were gradually given reserves when settlers began trickling into the Great Lone Land in the 1870s. According to the most recent available figures, in 1986 some 2,500 Dakotas lived on twelve reserves scattered across Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

The Dakota of the Canadian Northwest is the first authoritative history of the Dakotas who fled Minnesota. Author Peter Douglas Elias begins by establishing, through archaeological evidence and early documentation, the early presence of Dakotas in Canada. The book then discusses the condition of the Dakotas in Minnesota prior to the uprising, and details their movement into Canada. Elias provides a glimpse of the years when the refugees fended for themselves on British soil. He then individually traces, in detail, the history of the eight bands as they moved onto reserves and underwent a long period of more-or-less forced assimilation.

The same can be said of Elias' book as can be said of any other pioneer work: although others will no doubt come along to correct and clarify our view of the Dakotas in Canada, Elias has provided the foundation from which they will build. His is an honest and perceptive view into these people whom historians have long neglected. The

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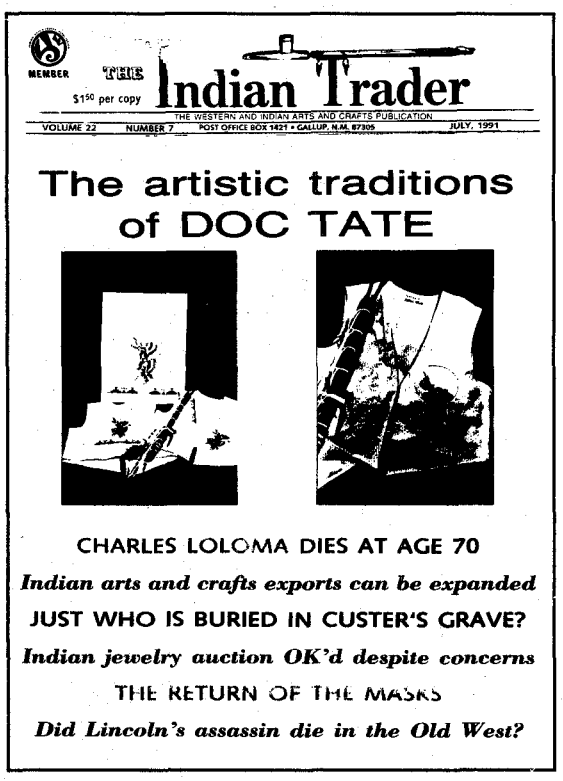

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book is well-researched and clearly written, and the author has paid more than a little attention to the keepers of Dakota tradition, particularly the late Robert Goodvoice, renowned M'dewakontonwon and Wahpetonwon Dakota tribal historian. *The Dakota of the Canadian Northwest* will be a valued, standard work in this field for many years to come.—*Bruce Wishart, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada.*

Primary Sources

This Emigrating Company and *The Wagon Trains of '44*, both edited by Thomas A. Rumer. (Arthur H. Clark Co., P.O. Box 14717, Spokane, Washington 99214. $35.50 cloth bound.)

If you really want to know how the West was won, you have to go to the minds and hearts of the pioneers themselves. The best way is by reading their firsthand letters, journals, and diaries.

Bob and Atara Clark's publishing house specializes in this raw material, properly edited and understandable to readers. A good example, in their "American Trails Series," is *This Emigrating Company*, the newly-discovered Oregon Trail journal of a Quaker, Jacob Hammer. The document is enhanced by maps, illustrations, bibliographical notes, an index, and a preface by historian Aubrey Haines.

Hammer describes the opening of the Mormon Trail route to covered wagons in 1844, the Oregon Trail's north side (of the Platte River) road, and also the first wagon train use of the Sublette Cutoff. Rumer compares Hammer's journal with those of others to document virtually every aspect of the emigration, such as organization, leadership, traffic, Indians, health, and weather.

The Wagon Trains of '44 is quite different. It is a comparison of the various emigrant caravans to Oregon and California during that year. According to historian Merrill Mattes (who contributes an introduction), the migration of 1844 has been neglected, although it included over 1,000 Americans.

These two first-rate volumes complement one another. One is specific and tightly focused; the other is general and comparative. Together they throw new light on a key year of the westward movement. In each, Thomas Rumer proves himself an excellent historian and editor.—*Richard H. Dillon, Mill Valley, California.*

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First National Bank Robbery

—Longview, Texas; May 23, 1894—

By BILL O'NEAL

Many of the West's most spectacular shootouts occurred during bank robberies: Northfield in 1876, Medicine Lodge in 1884, Coffeyville in 1892. The bloodiest bank holdup in Texas erupted in 1894 when Bill Dalton led a raid on the First National Bank of Longview.

William Marion Dalton was born in 1866, one of ten sons and five daughters of a farmer and saloon keeper in Cass County, Missouri. Bill's brothers Grat, Bob, and Emmett became outlaws; their gang was decimated when they tried to rob two banks at Coffeyville, Kansas. Resentful over his brothers' fate, Bill became second in command of the "Oklahombres," Bill Doolin's band of robbers.

Dalton secured a hideout at Houston Wallace's farm, twenty-five miles northwest of Ardmore, Oklahoma. Wallace's brother Jim, using the alias "George Bennett," had married Jenny Renfro, the daughter of a Longview area farmer, early in 1894. Within a month Jim Wallace deserted his bride and returned to Oklahoma, where he encountered Bill Dalton and told him about the prosperous First National Bank of Longview.

Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Bill Dalton.

Bill Dalton and Jim Nite stepped through the bank's front door. Dalton sought out the bank president, Joe Clemmons, who was transacting business with a customer named Bartholomew. Dalton handed the banker a note introducing him to "Chas. Specklemeyer, who wants some money and will have it."

Dalton liked the idea of robbing the bank and with whimsical arrogance mailed a letter to a prominent Longview citizen, warning him that a bank robbery was to occur about May 23 and that he should withdraw his money. Dalton also informed the recipient that, should he need further information, he should "see Charles Specklemeyer." Bank officials passed the note off as a hoax.

In mid-April Dalton and Jim Wallace rode to Gregg County, Texas. Bill camped near Longview beside the Sabine River, fishing the stream and planning the robbery. Dalton and Wallace enlisted the Nite brothers, Big Asa and Jim, who worked for the Brown and Flewellen sawmill north of town. On May 23, 1894, Wallace strapped on a brace of revolvers and stuffed 300 rounds of ammunition into his saddlebags, and Dalton donned a long gray duster and led his men into Longview.

The gang rode in from the west at three o'clock on a drizzly Wednesday afternoon. A local doctor recognized them and called out to Jim Nite, reminding him of an overdue fee.

"That's where I'm goin' now, Doc," Nite answered, "to the bank to get some money."

All four outlaws dismounted in front of the brick bank building on muddy Tyler Street, then Big Asa and Jim Wallace walked the four horses to an alley behind the bank.

Bill Dalton and Jim Nite stepped through the bank's front door. Dalton sought out the bank president, Joe Clemmons, who was transacting business with a customer named Bartholomew. Dalton handed the banker a note introducing him to "Chas. Specklemeyer, who wants some money and will have it."

Clemmons started to donate to what he thought was a charity request, but Dalton hauled out a revolver and told the bank officials to hold up their hands. Jim Nite approached the vault with a burlap bag, into which he stuffed coins, paper currency and unsigned twenty-dollar bank notes.

But the robbery infuriated the bank president's brother, cashier Tom Clemmons, who impulsively jumped Dalton and grabbed his pistol. The outlaw triggered his six-gun, but the hammer dropped onto the flesh between Clemmons' thumb and forefinger. Twice more Dalton thumbed back the hammer and tried to fire, but each time the only damage was a hole in the flesh of the cashier's hand.

As Dalton and Clemmons grappled, John Welborne, who operated a business near the bank, entered the front door. Startled at the sight before him, he darted back into the street, with bank employee Josh Cooke following him. Both men shouted the alarm: "They're robbing the bank!"

Although many citizens ducked for cover, others charged to the rescue. Bartender George Buckingham grabbed a pistol and barreled out of Jerry Munden's saloon close to the bank, but Wallace spotted him from the head of the alley. Buckingham opened fire, then Wallace squeezed off a round which felled the bartender with a mortal wound. When Wallace aimed again at the fallen man, a Mrs. McCullough, who

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operated a boarding house across the street, screamed, "Don't shoot that man any more. You have already killed him."

Now filled with the lust of battle, Wallace began to roar out war whoops and turned right and left, blasting away at any man he saw. City Marshal Matt Muckleroy and Deputy Will Stevens challenged Wallace, but the outlaw dropped Muckleroy with a shot in the chest. The law officer was in luck, though: Wallace's slug slammed into Muckleroy's shirt pocket, but ricocheted off a silver dollar in a pocket purse and ranged into his lower abdomen. The lawman was out of action, but he would recuperate.

Millworker Charles Learned was not so lucky and caught a bullet which proved fatal a few days later. Wallace next saw J.W. McQueen emerge into the alley. The sharpshooting Wallace drilled McQueen, who eventually recovered from the wound.

Wallace then fired at an inoffensive black man sitting on a box in front of a saloon. The slug grazed his head, passed into the saloon and ripped off a fingertip from T.C. Summers' left hand.

At this point J.C. Lacy, armed with a rifle, ran into a hardware and feed store adjacent to the bank. Lacy went to a rear window overlooking the alley and took aim at Wallace's back. Lacy fired and Wallace toppled lifeless into the mud of the alley. Big Asa triggered two Winchester shots at the window, but both bullets went wild.

BY THIS TIME, Dalton and Jim Nite had fled into the alley, forcing the Clemmons brothers ahead of them at gunpoint. Dalton saw the dead Wallace and muttered, "Poor Jim."

The three surviving outlaws swung into their saddles and ordered Joe and Tom Clemmons to climb up behind. Tom managed to escape, tumbling into a vat of lime at a nearby construction project. (Tom's lungs filled with lime, and he developed respiratory problems which resulted in his death at the age of thirty-four in 1896.)

With Joe Clemmons as a hostage, Dalton led the way west on Tyler Street, then wheeled north along a logging trail. A mile out of town the outlaws released Joe Clemmons and spurred away. When Dalton encountered a black man he reined in long enough to scrawl another arrogant note. Dalton handed the man two Winchester cartridges and an ominous message for any pursuers: "You'll get plenty of these if you follow too close." He signed it "Charles Specklemeyer."

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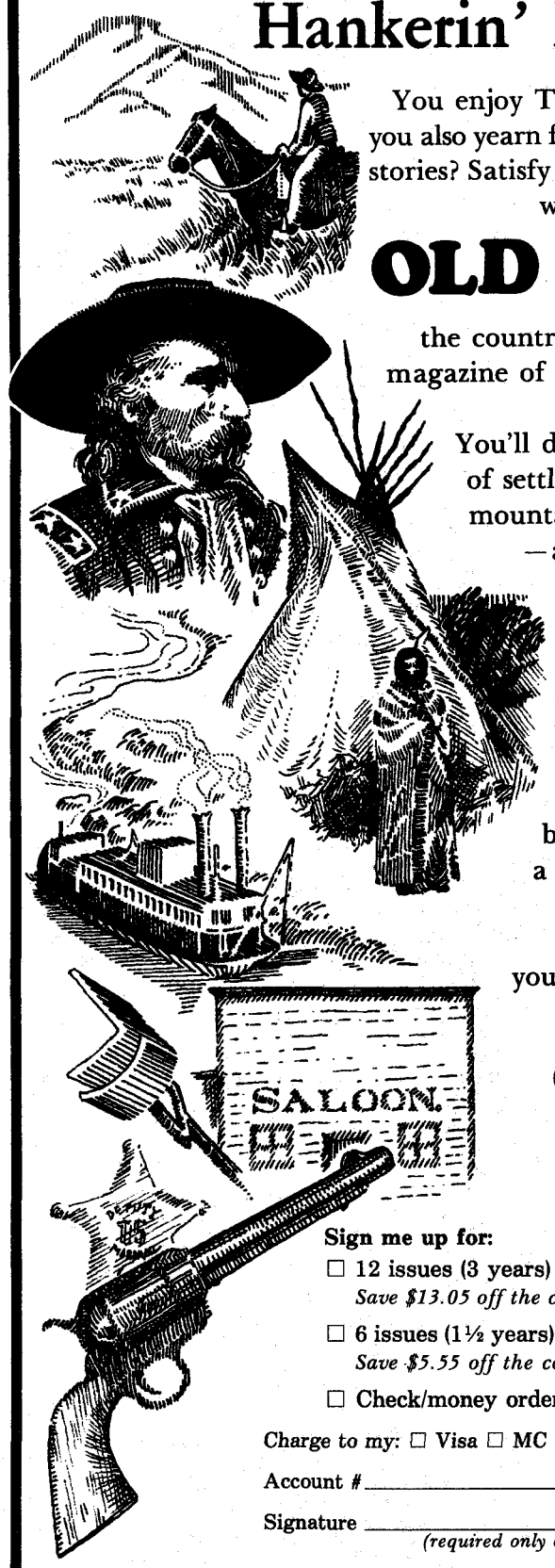

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One robber and one citizen lay dead; among the four wounded one was dying. Longview citizens focused their anger on Wallace and hauled his corpse to the Texas and Pacific Railway depot where they hoisted it fifteen feet in the air from a telegraph pole. A mob of local men posed with Wallace's carcass for a photographer.

Dalton then led the Nite brothers out of Texas and into Oklahoma. They wore out their horses, but Dalton made it to the Wallace farm, where his wife and two children joined him.

Gregg County Sheriff Jack Howard had assembled a posse, but pursuit proved difficult through the pine forests. The riders eventually turned back empty-handed, kidding Howard for cautiously remarking, "Let's go back, boys, we're getting too close."

In Longview, when the shooting stopped, stunned citizens surveyed the battleground. Combatants had fired perhaps 250 to 300 cartridges and six men had been shot. One robber and one citizen lay dead; among the four wounded one was dying. Longview citizens focused their anger on Wallace and hauled his corpse to the Texas and Pacific Railway depot where they hoisted it fifteen feet in the air from a telegraph pole. A mob of local men posed with Wallace's carcass for a photographer. Locals discovered that the outlaws had stolen over $2,000 and offered $700 in rewards for their capture.

The dead outlaw's hatband carried the label of W.O. Dunston's Big Cash Store in Ardmore, and early in June some of the unsigned notes from the Longview bank were discovered in the Oklahoma town. On Friday, June 8, only two weeks after the bloody holdup, a nine-man posse tracked Bill Dalton to the Wallace farmhouse, and killed him as he tried to shoot his way to freedom.

Dalton's body was embalmed and remained on display at an Ardmore funeral parlor for five days. Tom Clemmons, Sheriff Jack Howard, and a farmer who had fished with Dalton on the banks of the Sabine journeyed to Ardmore and identified the corpse as that of the gang leader. Hundreds of people traveled to Ardmore to gawk at Dalton's corpse, and many of them came from Longview.

The Nite brothers eventually surfaced in West Texas. In February 1897 they engaged in a shootout with lawmen in Menard County. Big Asa was killed and Jim was taken prisoner. He managed to escape from jail in Tyler, Texas, but he soon was recaptured, tried for the Longview robbery, and sentenced to twenty years in the state penitentiary at Huntsville. Fourteen years later, in 1911, Jim Nite was paroled. In January 1920 Nite tried to rob a drugstore in Tulsa, Oklahoma, but was shot to death in the attempt.

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Trails Grown Dim

Wilson-Vincent

I am looking for information about the ancestors and descendants of Elizabeth Wilson, born January 13, 1851, and died in 1898. She married William James Vincent in May 1866. He was born June 17, 1831, and died in 1904. Who were their parents or other kin? Also, William had two boys when he married Elizabeth, and I would like to know more about the children of William Lincoln, born in 1863 and died in 1959.

I would also like to find information on the children of Merritt Wilson, born in 1841 in Putnam County, Indiana, and died July 11, 1919, in Cleveland County, Oklahoma. He is buried at Fort Cobb, Oklahoma.—**Mrs. Robert Ashby, 618 N. 11th, Enid, Oklahoma 73701.**

Schlambusch

My great-uncle Frederick Schlambusch (-bush?) came from Norway to Wisconsin about 1880. After visiting with his sister—my grandmother—and her family, he went to Nebraska and homesteaded.

Recently I visited a place in Drammen, Norway, where he and my grandmother were born, and the estate where my grandmother was raised by her uncle after her father had been lost at sea. I would be very pleased, in my ninety-eighth year, to hear from any descendants of my great-uncle Frederick Schlambusch.—**Freeman E. Ramberg, P.O. Box 281, New London, Minnesota 56273.**

Gage

I am interested in corresponding with anyone who has information on my great-grandfather, Frank Gage. I have found records stating he was born in Mississippi, and I have been told he was a Cherokee Indian.

He was living at Mount Pleasant, Titus County, Texas, when my grandmother, Tennessee Margie Ann Gage, was born on May 21, 1872. Her mother is listed as Martha Preston. Martha was born Martha Hobbs, but she was using the name of her step-father, Benjamine Preston.

The June 30, 1880, census of Titus County lists my grandmother in the Benjamine Preston household. I do not know the year but I am told that Frank Gage left and was going to take my grandmother and her younger sister with him, but they cried to be with their mother and he left them. Martha Hobbs Gage later married a Mr. Lancaster and had other children. Texas records list her death as September 8, 1907.—**Peggy Carter, Route 2, Box 222, Maysville, Oklahoma 73057.**

Walder

I am seeking information on William Alexander Walder. He was born in North Dakota between 1924 and 1926, and lived in Klamath Falls, Oregon, as late as 1952. He moved to Los Angeles, California, in 1953 for a job promotion as a salesman in the factory industry.—**Gregg Al Walder, P.O. Box 37, Sprague River, Oregon 97639.**

Gatlin-Collier
Arrington-Morrison

I am trying to find anyone with information on Albert G. Gatlin, born December 9, 1817, in Davidson County or Giles County, Tennessee. He married Julia Frances Collier around 1836 in Giles County, Tennessee. The date of his death is unknown, but it was possibly before 1880 in Travis County or Hays County, Texas. In 1861 he sold land, called the Gatlin Ranch, located in Hays County seven and one-half miles southwest of Dripping Springs. A Gatlin cemetery is located nearby or on the ranch; he may be buried there.

I am also looking for information about his sons. John Granville Gatlin was born in 1839 in Tennessee and died in a Texas Confederate Home in Austin on August 21, 1928. His spouse's name and marriage date are unknown. Elias Tidwell (or Taylor) Gatlin was born December 4, 1849, in Tippah County, Mississippi, and died August 20, 1925, in Stephens County, Texas. He was married October 20, 1869, to Josephine Arrington in Travis County.

Josephine was born February 28, 1846, in Arkansas and I am looking for information on her parents. John L. "Jack" Arrington was born about 1809 possibly in Arkansas, and died between 1852 and 1870 in Travis County. He married Julia Ann Morrison, although the place and date are unknown. She died in 1901 and is buried in the Bargsley family cemetery near Oak Hill, Texas.

I am also looking for information on their son, John M. Arrington, born about 1840 in Arkansas. I would appreciate hearing from anyone regarding these people and their ancestors.—**Missy Gatlin Wilson, 6450 Wise Road, Auburn, California 95603.**

Kerr

I am seeking information on the ancestors of my great-grandfather, Richard Weld Kerr. He was born December 10, 1818, in County Dublin, Ireland, the son of the Reverend James A. Kerry, rector of Dublin. In 1828 the family immigrated to Canada.

Richard married Maria Jane Lenox on June 15, 1837, in Champlain, New York. They moved from Canada to Delaware County, Iowa, in 1861, and to Rooks County, Kansas, in 1886. They had twelve children, several of whose descendants I would like to contact. Margaret Ann Kerr was born about 1840 in Ontario, Canada. In 1856 she married William Halstead. They lived in Coggen, Linn County, Iowa, about 1900.

The Rev. James A. Kerr, a Methodist minister in Iowa, was born June 5, 1844, in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. He died March 30, 1885, and was buried in West Union, Iowa.—**Mark Favreau, Rural Route 2, Box 245, Derby, Kansas 67037.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. *Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome.* We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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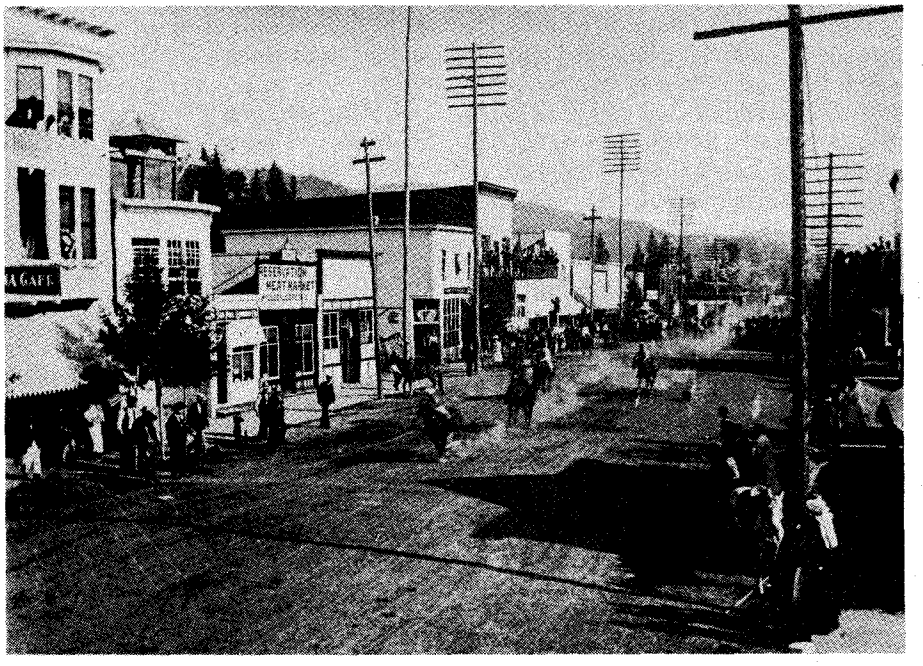
Boom Times in Republic

By CHERYL LANDES

By the end of the nineteenth century, white men had settled most of the United States. But one area, tucked away in the northeastern corner of Washington, was known only to the Indians and a handful of missionaries.

That changed at 12:01 a.m. on February 21, 1896, when the federal government opened the Colville Indian Reservation for mineral entry. Within hours, excited prospectors shot guns and shouted, "Eureka!" to celebrate the discovery of their first veins of gold.

The news rekindled the gold fever that had struck other western towns. Hungry prospectors began to arrive at Eureka Gulch, slowly at first, but faster as word spread. Tents gave way to permanent frame buildings, and the town of Republic was born.



Okanogan Historical Society, Okanogan, Washington

A horse race down Republic, Washington's, main street, about 1900.

Estimates of Republic's population during the boom years range from 5,000 to 10,000. Money flowed easily, as did the liquor; although alcohol was banned during the first two years of the town's existence, bootleggers managed to supply plenty.

After the ban was lifted, twenty-two saloons, along with two dance and gambling halls, opened to provide entertainment for the miners. One saloon, situated at the edge of town along the route miners took to and from the mines, drew customers with a well-placed sign: on one side it read "last chance," targeting miners headed to work; on the other, those returning from work could see the words "first chance."

Each customer had his own bottle of whiskey on the back bar of his favorite saloon. As he entered and lined up against the bar, the bartender would put the bottle and a glass in front of him. The customer would either fill the glass or skip the formalities and drink from the bottle. One tough old lawman, nicknamed "Black Jack," would cut a chew from his tobacco plug, turn up his bottle, and swallow four or five good-sized drinks before coming up for air. When the whiskey had settled and the chew was working, he would light a big, black Havana cigar.

With so many customers, it was a challenge for bartenders to remember who preferred what drink. However, bartenders faced a worse situation when they ran out of a favorite drink before the next freight wagon was due.

George Moody, who operated a saloon during Republic's boom years, faced such a dilemma. A customer, Jack McDermott, had only two drinks left in his bottle, and Moody encouraged him to try another brand. McDermott consented and Moody poured a shot. As was his custom, McDermott downed the drink in one swallow; his comments on the taste can't be printed here. Fortunately McDermott's favorite whiskey showed up with the next day's freight.

After that episode Moody and his bartender decided to try an experiment: they would determine if miners could really distinguish different brands of whiskey by taste alone. They chose one man who had sworn he could tell the difference, and when his bottle was empty, the bartender refilled it with another brand. When he gulped a shot the customer exclaimed, "Man, that is whiskey!"

Moody and the bartender got the same results even after substituting four different brands, and after testing a different so-called expert. They concluded that as long as they poured the different brands in the customer's old bottle, he couldn't tell the difference.

Gambling was also a favorite pastime. The most popular games in Republic were faro, roulette, dice, draw poker, and five card stud. Living was high and losing gamblers took the loss of a few thousand dollars in stride. After all, with daily assays going as high as $1,260 per ton, miners thought that they could replenish such losses in a day or two. Less enthusiastic gamblers, who played more for pleasure than money, liked two-handed cribbage or heart solo,

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the forerunner of pinochle.

As in many mining boom towns, there were few women in Republic, and most of those who were there worked the cribs. Because of the shortage of women, dance hall owners had to find alternatives for the thousands of partner-less miners on Saturday nights. The most common solution was to have half of the men volunteer to "dress" as women. Their attire was simply a brightly-colored ribbon tied around their heads with a huge bow in back.

Not everyone in Republic succeeded in mining. Those who didn't found other occupations, generally utilizing skills they used previously. Such businesses included the Republic Brewery, two soda pop manufacturers, two Havana cigar makers, and the Straight Edge Razor Company. Others would deliver or sell freight.

U.E. Fries, a pioneer who spent most of his life in Okanogan, Washington, recalled his experiences as a freighter in his book *From Copenhagen to Okanogan*. "During the late nineties," he wrote, "I freighted my own produce to the boom town of Republic.... When I did not have a full load of my own produce... I would buy enough apples, peaches, tomatoes, and melons from other settlers to fill out my load. The freight rate from Brewster to Republic, which were, roughly, a hundred miles apart, was about one and one-fourth cents a pound, but I could not make as much money by charging that rate as I would by buying produce and selling it. I have bought fifty-pound boxes of apples for a dollar and then sold them for two and a half dollars a box—and sometimes for as much as four dollars.

"My loads averaged three thousand pounds, and I drove twenty-five to thirty miles a day. I made the round trip of two hundred and ten miles in seven days. This included one day spent selling my produce."

When the easier supplies of gold diminished, Republic's population dropped significantly, but the town remained alive. One thousand people live there today, and the gold mining continues, but on a smaller scale. Republic has the only active gold mine in Washington.

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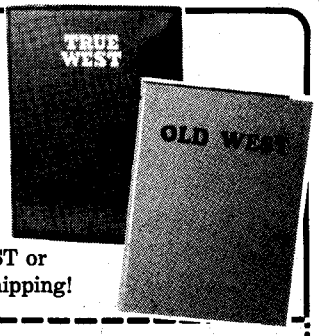

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Oct. 9	Jan. 1992	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1992	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1992	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1992	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1992	Apr. 1 - May 1
Mar. 9	June 1992	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1992	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1992	July 1 - Aug. 1
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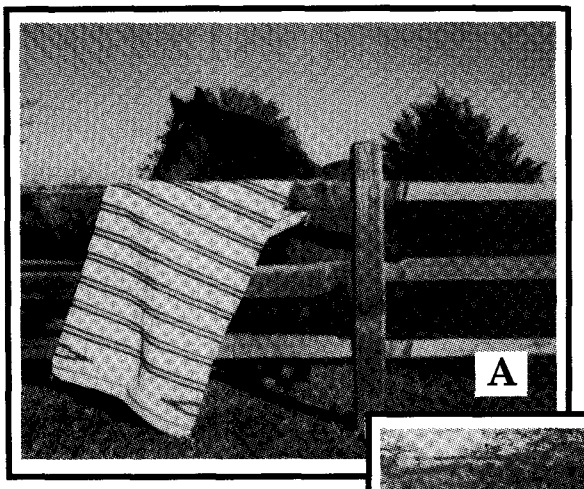

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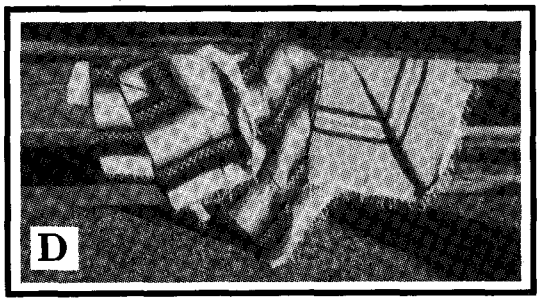

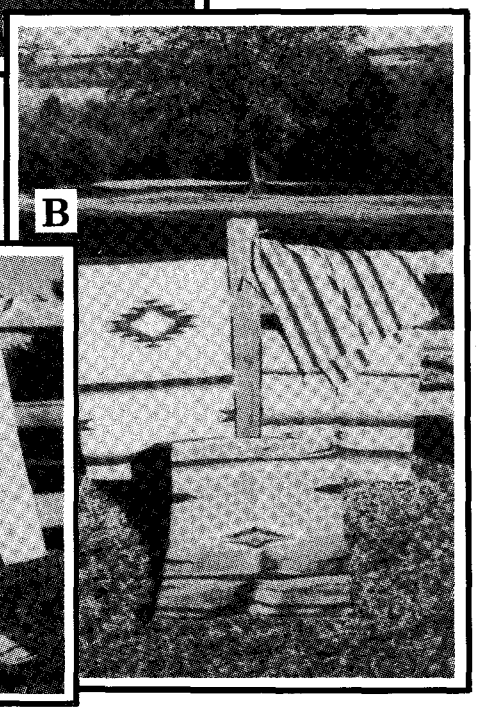

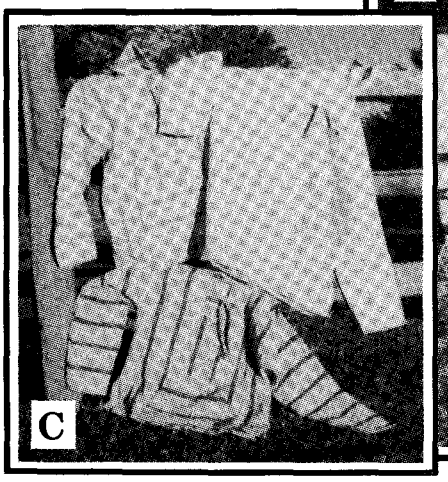

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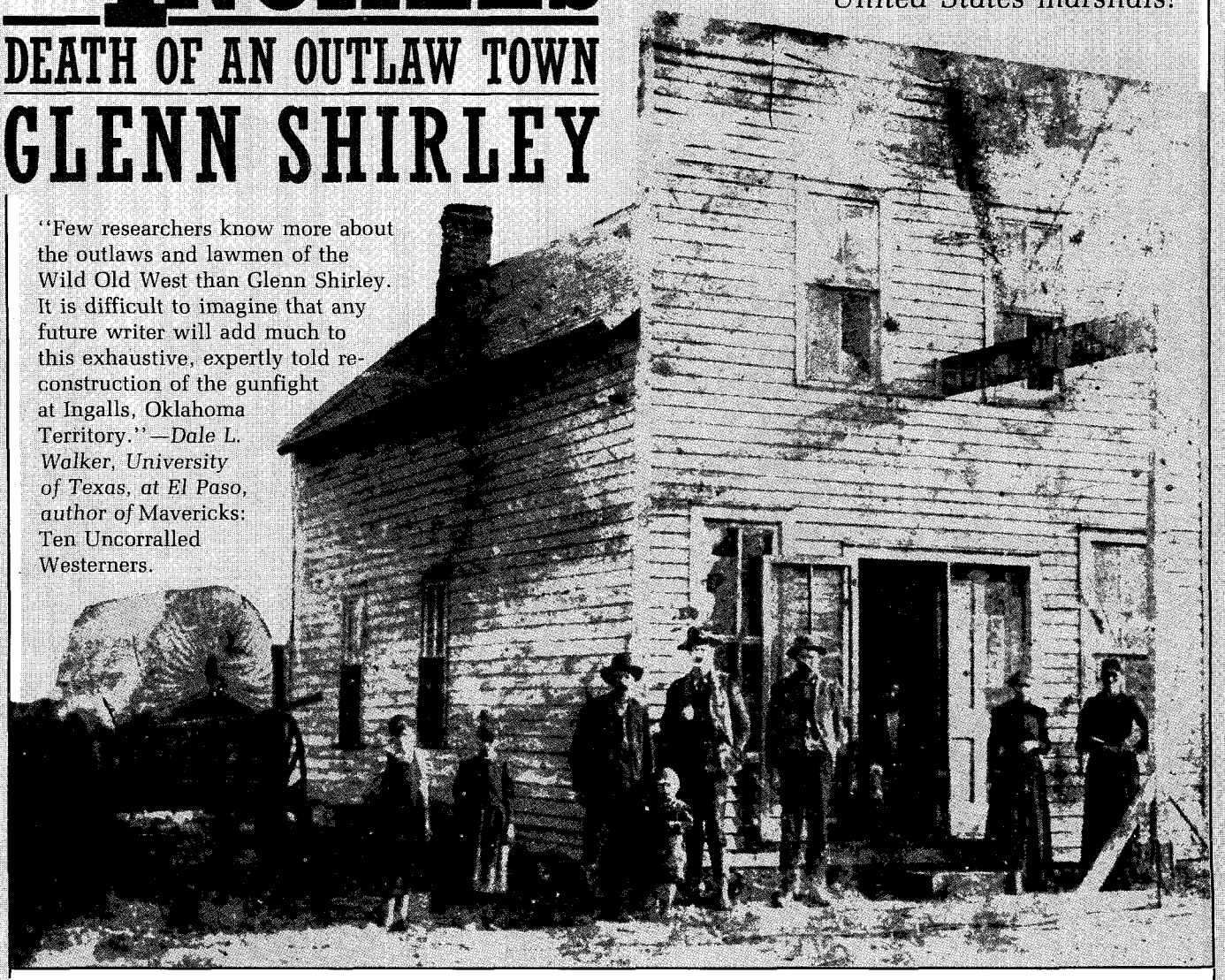

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